

# THE SKETCH

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ONE SHILLING



THE "QUARANTINE" QUANDARY: MISS PARTLETT (MISS EDNA BEST) AND TONY BLUNT (MR. OWEN NARES).

"Quarantine," the new play by Miss Tennyson Jesse, describes the awkward situation in which generous-hearted Miss Partlett found herself when she decided to "save" her cousin, Mrs. Josephs, by taking her place as Tony Blunt's companion in elopement. Things are difficult enough on board ship, but, when the couple reach Pigeon Island, worse

is to come, as they are in quarantine and have to go to the one-roomed quarantine bungalow. Tony Blunt, however, never forgets that he is the Perfect Gentleman, and, in the end, wedding bells ring for him and Miss Partlett, whose generous self-sacrifice is explained by the fact that she has always been more than a little in love with Tony!

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY — GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND... "

**To Find the Winner.** I do not, as a rule, back horses. In point of fact, the only race in the year which really interests me is the Derby. I always have a bet on the Derby, and I invariably win. That is to say, for the last two years I have had a bet on the Derby and I have found the winner. I also found it in 1920, but, very foolishly, did not back it.

The good fortunes of my readers being ever my first concern, I want to tell you how to find the winner. It is not difficult. It requires nothing but common-sense. If the professional tipsters in the Press would only use common-sense, instead of following something known, I believe, as "form," they would not so often lead their trusting readers astray.

Whatever you do, therefore, take no notice of "form." I am talking now, of course, about the Derby. Lesser races do not concern us. We reserve all our intelligence, skill, and daring for the Derby.

The first thing to notice is the name of the horse. In 1920 I knew that Grand Parade would win because there is a grand parade about one hundred and fifty yards from my habitation. And it did win. I shall never cease to revile myself for not having backed it.

In 1921 I discovered a horse called Humorist. Well, one never calls oneself a humorist, but you cannot wear cap and bells for three-and-twenty years without taking an interest in the word. I backed Humorist, and Humorist justified my intelligence.

**The Something Extra.** This year I found a horse called Captain Cuttle. As a student of Dickens, the name Captain Cuttle instantly appealed to me. "When found make a note of." The owner, I was sure, had that sentence in his mind when he named the horse. It was a straight tip for the public if ever they had one in their lives.

But a mere name is not sufficient. You must have support for the name. And the best support is the colours carried by the jockey. I forgot who owned Humorist, but his colours, at any rate, were black and red. Lord Woolavington's colours are black and red. (In this matter I get a little feminine help.)

So there we had the right name and the right colours. Added to all this, Donoghue was to ride Captain Cuttle! Good gracious! The whole thing was staring you in the face! I don't care a rap what sort of a horse it is. With the right name, black-and-red colours, and Donoghue riding at Epsom, there could be only one result.

Anyway, that was how I came to my decision. What a pity that some of the gentlemen who write the sporting tips do not have a chat with me.

**The Male Waist.** It seems that the Editor of the *Tailor and Cutter* was perfectly happy at the Derby. He was not looking at the horses,

All this is all very fine, but I don't agree that the first duty of a man is to be shapely. His first duty, both to his neighbour and himself, is to be comfortable.

I know these coats that fit the figure closely. My tailor can do them to perfection, and I have to watch him very carefully lest he should do one for me.

I don't mind the coat being held at the front by a button on the waistline, but I will not have my breathing apparatus hampered.

We have terrible rows about it. The last time we clashed he took out a pocket-knife—just an ordinary pocket-knife—and cut the coat to ribbons. "In future," said he bitterly, "I shall write against your name in the ledger, 'Oxford Professor.' "

I don't see how any tailor could say anything much bitterer than that.



ON VIEW AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERIES: MR. GERALD KELLY'S PORTRAIT OF MRS. GEORGE PHILIPPI (FORMERLY MISS ELITA DE BITTENCOURT).

The Grosvenor Galleries Summer Exhibition of Paintings and Drawings by Contemporary Artists opened last week, and contains some interesting pictures. We reproduce above Mr. Gerald Kelly's portrait of a bride of the year, Mrs. George Philippi. She is the younger daughter of Don Julio and Mme. de Bittencourt, and the sister of the Countess of Lisburne. Her marriage to Mr. George Philippi, of Crawley Court, near Winchester, took place on May 3, at St. James's, Spanish Place.—[From the painting by Gerald Kelly; by courtesy.]

however, but at the men. "From a close observation of the best-dressed men of the day, as they appeared at Epsom," he writes, "one striking fact emerged: Man has a waist. His exquisitely cut morning coat, beautifully balanced, with cut and contour perfect, fitted the waist closely. At back and sides it defined the figure, and was held at the front by a button on the waistline. This is in marked contrast to the woman of 1922. Man is shapely; woman is shapeless."

**The Month of Birthdays.** You may have noticed that June is the month of birthdays. If you yourself do not happen to be born in June, you must take consolation from the fact that nearly all your friends are celebrating birthdays this month.

I used to be glad I was born in June, but now I am not so sure.

"Persons born during this month," says a little book published by the Great Aim Society of New York City, "are apt to have a double nature, and must constantly watch that the higher and better nature is in power, in order to reach their highest success. . . . They are able to attract birds and animals to them, and promote growth of flowers about the home."

Some of this is right and some wrong. I cannot deny that people born in June have a double nature; you might as well deny that people born in January have two legs.

Neither can I deny that one is able to attract animals—especially cats. But I do most strenuously deny that being born in June endows you with the faculty of promoting growth of flowers about the home.

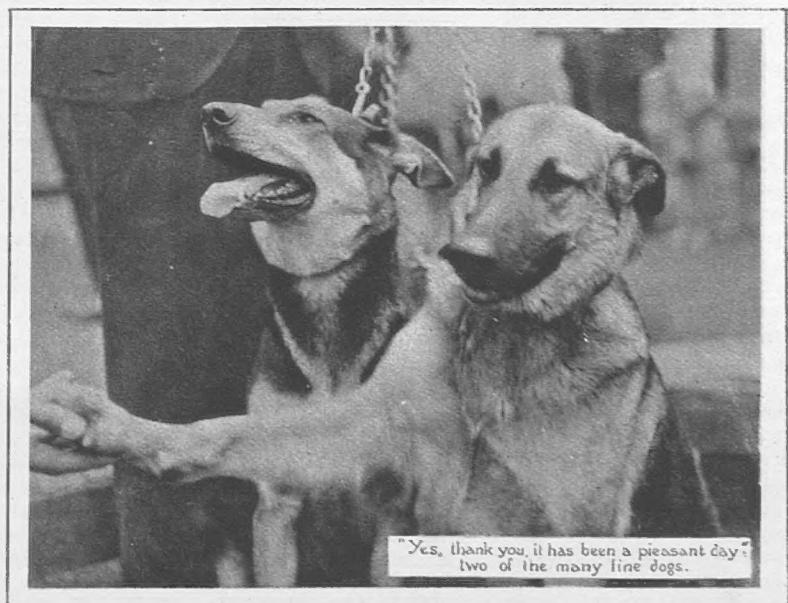
From my earliest youth up to the present day I have never seen a flower blossom that I, personally, had planted.

Even when I bought them in flower and quickly transplanted them, they died. So I abandoned the practice. It seemed unfair to the flowers.

The Great Aim Society further informs me that I should wear a scarf-pin containing an aquamarine, beryl, or sapphire. A jolly combination with an Oxford Professor's suit!

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

# At the Alsatian Wolf Dog Club Championship Show.



## THE MOST FASHIONABLE DOG OF THE MOMENT: OWNERS AND COMPETITORS AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.

The Alsatian Wolf Dog Club held their third Championship Show at Stamford Bridge last week, and there was a fine entry of first-class examples of the most fashionable breed of the moment. The most striking feature of the show was the success of Lady Bullough, with her dog Marcus d'Abitot, champion at Worcester last year, who has now won the challenge certificate to hold the Felix of Fairway Cup as the best dog in the show, after taking the premier award in the senior and open

classes. Lady Bullough is the wife of Sir George Bullough, Bt., and the daughter of the fourth Marquess de la Pasture. Other distinguished exhibitors are shown in our photographs with their Alsatians, and our pictures of these handsome dogs also illustrate the charm of character which the breed possesses. Could anything be more delightful than the smile of happiness and expression of peace with the world displayed by the two Alsatians sitting together?



## The Jottings of Jane;

Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."

**Ascot Week.** With Royal Ascot this week and balls innumerable, it seems absurd for me to bother to write this! No one will have time to read it—and even if they did, what are two pages when all London is crammed together, craning their



1. Angela is quite determined to become this season's tennis champion—rivaling even the Lenglen in public esteem. . . .

necks to see the winner of the Gold Cup, or crawling through the crowd to the paddock to show off their splendour, or walking in dignified decorum in the Royal Enclosure, hoping to catch the eye of their very own Royalty—and everyone seems to speak in the possessive case nowadays of at least one member of the Royal Family!

It is the greatest proof of—how shall I name it . . . it is not only pride or patriotism; it is not snobbishness. It is a kind of longing like the longing of a small boy to be the one to carry the only flag in the procession. If you are English and loyal, and love all the things that are England's in only an Englishman's undemonstrative way, it is a relief to express your feelings in that one little word, "Sir"—or "Ma'am."

Jane may be—and probably is—very foolish, but she never can get used to Royalty. At Ascot there are so many of them that you can't ever turn round suddenly for fear of treading on the King, or knocking the sun-shade of Princess Mary, or elbowing the Duke of Connaught, or one of the younger Princes who mingle with the guests of Majesty in the Royal Enclosure, and quite often walk between races in the paddock to see the horses.

And Jane may be—certainly must be—very emotional; the mere sight of the King makes her want to stand quite still with arms straight down her sides like a soldier. But if you are wearing your laciest gown and carrying your loveliest sunshade, nothing—not even the straightest shoulders—will make you look any of the things you are feeling.

You must just swallow hard and step back, and—if you are lucky enough to receive a word of recognition—strut like a peacock for the rest of the week.

**The Ascot Face.** But it took Jane several pre-war summers to account for that look of strange, strained anxiety on the faces of many of her friends at Ascot. Eyes usually normal become nervously nomadic. Mouths accustomed to smile, smile still, but without any corresponding joy in the rest of the physiognomy. Now that I know what it means, I no longer worry. They are only looking beyond you in case they might miss a royal bow. There are a certain group of people very specially known for this. They are dear, harmless creatures, quite sane usually, but they can no more help their Ascot faces than they can spot the winners.

And there is that other kind of face so familiar at Ascot. I mean the "Have-you-any-lunch-tickets?" face. It greets you on all sides. If you are a man, and a member of the various clubs that have tents, you are destined to feed the multitude or stare stoically through it. Only once it happened to me—that kind of face. The young man who had asked me to meet him at the judge's box after the first race failed to appear. He had had a motor breakdown, and I had no other luncheon assignation. Hungry I stared at the groups of merry souls who flocked past. Apparently every woman in the Enclosure was being taken to lunch but me. My first longing was to hide my plight. When two dull men asked me to lunch I said primly that I was engaged. Later I grew too hungry to care about mere dullness, but even the dullest had disappeared. Somewhere about three o'clock a fat old general with his wife and several daughters led me off and fed me. And never since have I joined in laughing at the very specially seductive smiles of the unfed. Jane—a hungry Jane—would smile her sweetest at the grumpiest of octogenarians in a similar plight again; but, mercifully, this year Jane has secured several invitations.

**Lord Grey and His Marriage.** There is something about every member of the Wyndham family that inspires interest—whether you know them or not. It is not that they are a race apart in the way that Mrs. Asquith asserts that "we Tennants are a race apart." They are very unobtrusive, and spend their lives in *being* rather than in talking of what one is or should be.

The late Mr. Percy Wyndham had three daughters. The eldest became Lady Elcho, and is now Lady Wemyss—one of the most influential leaders among the Conservative hostesses, and a life-long friend of Lord Balfour. The second is Mrs. Adeane of Babbington, Cambridgeshire. The youngest is now the wife of one of the most respected statesmen that England has ever known.

Although her engagement to Lord Grey was an open secret, the wedding itself surprised everyone, happening as it did in the early morning at the little Wilsford church. Only last week I heard of Lord Grey in Paris, where he was undergoing special treatment after his recent illness.

It is a remarkable fact that, in spite of his long retirement, his political prestige remains of paramount importance, and his every act and speech impresses one with the power of his high character. Even when he was completely blind for a while (until his almost



miraculous cure last summer) his courage was wonderful.

Lady Grey, as Lady Glenconner, published several books, but I heard her described the other day as "that wonderful mother." I am sure that would delight her more than all the praise printed of her mere literary achievements.

**Lord Curzon of Kedleston.** And talking of the late Foreign Secretary reminds us that the present one, Lord Curzon, is a great deal better. M. Coué went down to Hackwood to see him the other day, directly after convincing Lord Beatty that "every day in every way" he was growing better and better.

The thing that makes Lord Curzon a really impatient patient is his own active brain, which rumour says works at high pressure all the time, in spite of the fact that he is on his back in a long chair all day long. He still attends to all his own private correspondence, and is kept fully *au courant* with the Foreign Office work, though Lord Balfour is in charge temporarily.

Lady Curzon presented her youngest step-daughter, Lady Alexandra Curzon, at the Court last Thursday, and has been taking her to all the débutante parties. And, talking of devoted mothers, Lady Curzon never looked so well as she did at Eton surrounded



2. . . . And, wishing to endear herself to the public by a few feminine peculiarities, she decides to revive the custom of the 'eighties, and to play tennis in garden-party sort of frocks—always. She orders dozens of delightful ones . . .

by her two handsome boys, her little daughter, her youngest step-daughter, and all their numerous friends at "Absence" the other day.

**Lady Desborough and Others.** Jane met a very sunburnt young man who had just returned from Sheringham, that ideal spot in Norfolk not far from "The Garden of Sleep." He said Lady Desborough and Lord and Lady Wemyss had spent Whitsuntide there, and Lord Balfour, playing golf most of the time. Mr. H. A. Asquith (who married one of Lord Wemyss's daughters) was also there with Lady Cynthia, and Mr. Evan Charteris: a most

the best willow-pattern cups are smashed to smithereens, and quite three devils howling into her ears, and at least one managing to give utterance through her erstwhile angelic lips. But it would confuse the world if I attempted to name them. Jane alone bears all responsibility. Servants come and go—and mostly go—but Jane's devils remain on for ever.

**Last Week in London.** Lady Inverclyde had a very interesting afternoon party at her house in

Berkeley Square last Friday. Mr. Ernest Mills, the cartoonist, was there, and there was also some very good music.

Lady Normanton has had several little parties at 38, Park Street, the house she has taken for the season to give her five young daughters a jolly time.

Jane also saw Lady Grizel Hamilton one day—now thoroughly established in her little house, 1, East Chapel Street. And Mrs. Griffith, the god-mother and cousin of Miss Catherine Wendell, who has just become engaged to Lord Carnarvon's heir, Lord Porchester. Miss Wendell and her mother share Mrs. Griffith's home in Hertfordshire. They are Virginians and well known in London, where they have given many young parties since Miss Catherine came out about two years ago.

Lord Porchester will eventually inherit much of the late Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's wealth and artistic treasures, as his mother inherited the house in Seaford Place with many of its contents, as well as some wonderful pictures from Halton. Miss Wendell is a pretty girl, but too young to have shown any of the decided talents that distinguish so many Transatlantic girls. Her cousin, Mrs. Griffith, has written several delightful books about life in the South—novels based on the times immediately after the Civil War in America.

**Lord and Lady Midleton's Dinner-Party.** Last Tuesday, the King and Queen honoured Lord and Lady Midleton by dining

with them at their house in Portland Place. Lord Midleton must be intensely interesting just now, as he is a keen student of the Irish question (having served on the Irish Convention in 1918). But what *anyone* can say about it, heaven only knows, for it seems sadder than ever.

The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland were at the dinner—and *wasn't* the Duke's letter to the *Morning Post* about Ireland to the point last Tuesday?—and Lord and Lady Salisbury, Lady Ilchester, Lord and Lady Donoughmore, Lord Richard and Lady Moyra Cavendish, and about a dozen others—with Colonel Erskine in attendance on the King.

**Princess Arthur of Connaught.** Princess

Connaught and her little son, Lord Macduff (who must be nearly eight), arrived in London on Monday, after a long absence in South Africa. She went straight to her own house—41, Belgrave Square—and was very warmly welcomed by her mother, the Princess Royal, and her sister, Princess Maud, as well as by many other members of the Royal Family.

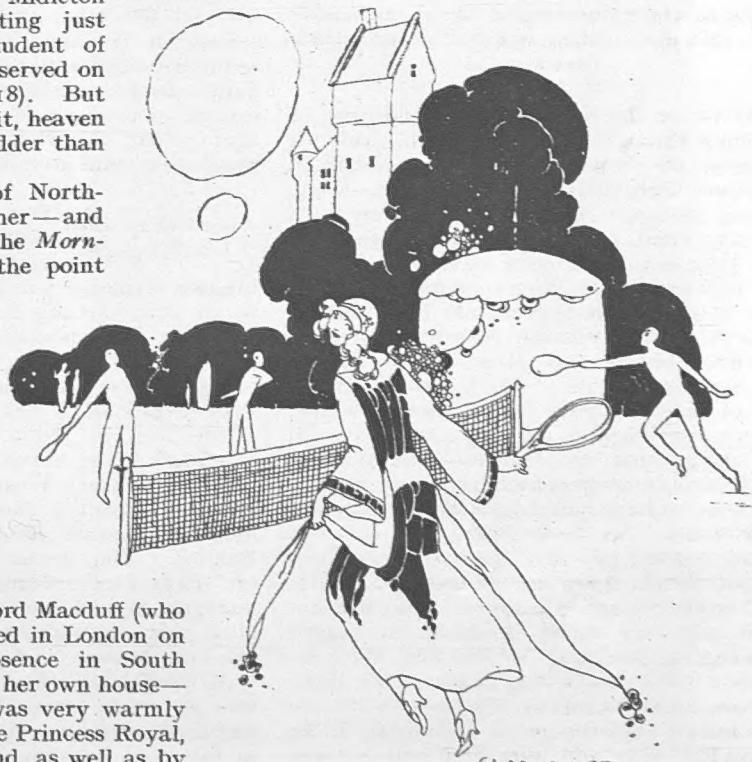
Other arrivals in London include that of Lady Maud Mackintosh, just back from East Africa, Lord and Lady Phillimore, who are back at Cam House after a round of country visits; and Lord and Lady Lilford, from Lilford Hall, where they have been for several months.

And now everyone is looking forward to the Duchess of Devonshire's ball on June 23, at No. 2, Carlton Gardens, and the great Hospital Ball on June 28, arranged by a committee under the special supervision of Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles.

**Balls of the Week.** The balls of the week included that given by

Lady Dashwood and her son, Sir John Dashwood, for Miss Dashwood. It took place at Claridge's, and was a most successful function. Lady Dashwood looked very well in white, and her daughter was in a most becoming blue brocade. The Foreign Office supplied a large contingent of men, as was only natural, considering that Sir John Dashwood, who is in the Diplomatic Service, is at the F.O. just now. Countess Landi's young daughter was one of the most admired of the guests. She wore a full-skirted dress of crimson chiffon, with a wreath of deep red roses in her hair. The dance in aid of St. Dunstan's, which took place on the night of the first Court, was also very successful, and the fact that many of those present had come on from Buckingham Palace made the gathering specially picturesque. Men in uniform and be-feathered débutantes do add a *cachet* to a dance! Sir Neville Pearson brought his bride, Lady Pearson. She was presented at the Court by her mother, Lady Mond, D.B.E., and wore her wedding dress of gold-and-white brocade. It was draped, and caught at one side with a pearl-and-diamond ornament, and her Court feather headdress was held in place with a diamond band.

**Polo News.** It is impossible to fit in everything that we want to do, and though it is rather difficult to spare a whole afternoon for Ranelagh, Roehampton, or Hurlingham, when town engagements are so numerous, it is well worth while. Polo is the finest game in the world to watch. I'm glad to see, by the way, that Major "Rattle" Barrett is on the road to recovery after his bad accident of the other week. He was able to get out and watch the matches last week. I noticed him with



4. . . . Until they discover that her tennis also is that of the 'eighties.

Mrs. Barrett and Major Miles, talking to Lady Belper one day. His place in the Templeton team has been taken by Sir Charles Lowther. **IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.**



3. . . . And is a huge success at the tennis club. . . .

interesting party completed by Lord D'Abernon and Sir James Barrie—the latter, as usual, accompanied by that whimsical fellow Mr. Maconochie, though I am not at all certain how he spells his name. In any case, I hope I've got it wrong. I owe him a grudge. I am sure it was *he* who took charge the only time I ever met the human we all in our ignorance mistook for Sir James Barrie.

It was a lovely spring evening by the river at Eton. He was walking with two boys. I was walking towards him, looking my best in pale blue. My companion said "That's Barrie. Shall I introduce you?" I said, "Good heavens—yes!" and grew pink with excitement, which must have been most becoming. We approached. We stopped. Everyone mumbled something. And that horrid Maconochie hurriedly looked at his watch and said he had five minutes for the train. I am sure Sir James Barrie would never have done that.

I hear that both Barrie and Maconochie are intensely interested in their ward, young Davies, who plays cricket so well for Eton, and is bound to make a century at the Eton and Harrow next month. And I never watch him without thinking what a lucky boy he is, though, I suppose, being a mere boy, he would think me mad for thrilling at the sight of his god-father—a mere provider of the good things from Rowland's.

But Sir James Barrie is a very modest man. Only *two* souls possess his body! Jane is quite positive that at least *fifty* fight over hers! It helps her to explain herself. She gets up in angelic mood. Not one word of anger to-day to anyone . . . and before breakfast is brought there are servants saying

## 2-YARD TRAINS, FEATHERS, 45-INCH VEILS, A



THE DAUGHTER OF THE KING AND HER HUSBAND: PRINCESS MARY VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES AND VISCOUNT LASCELLES.



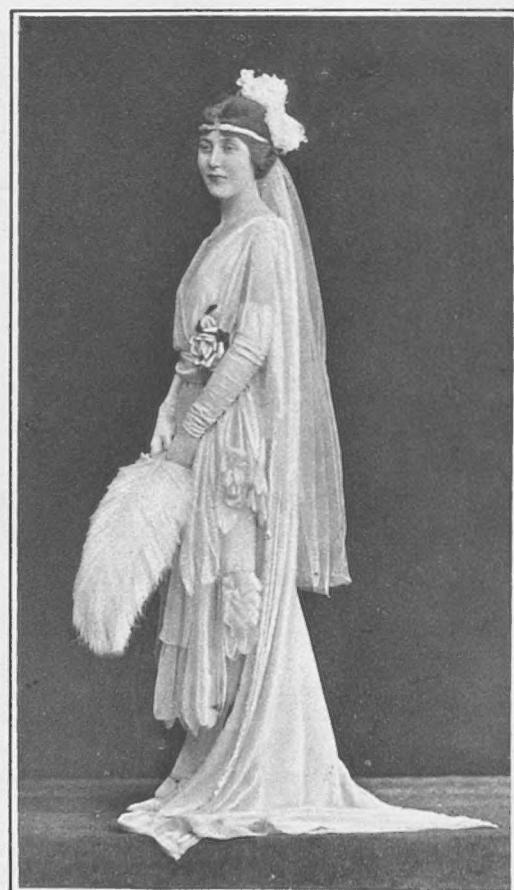
PRESENTED BY HER MOTHER, LADY NANTON: MISS MARGUERITE NANTON.



WEARING A DRESS AND TRAIN OF COTTON MACROSS LACE: VISCOUNTESS IPSWICH.



PRESENTED BY HER MOTHER, LADY FINLAY: MISS C. FINLAY.



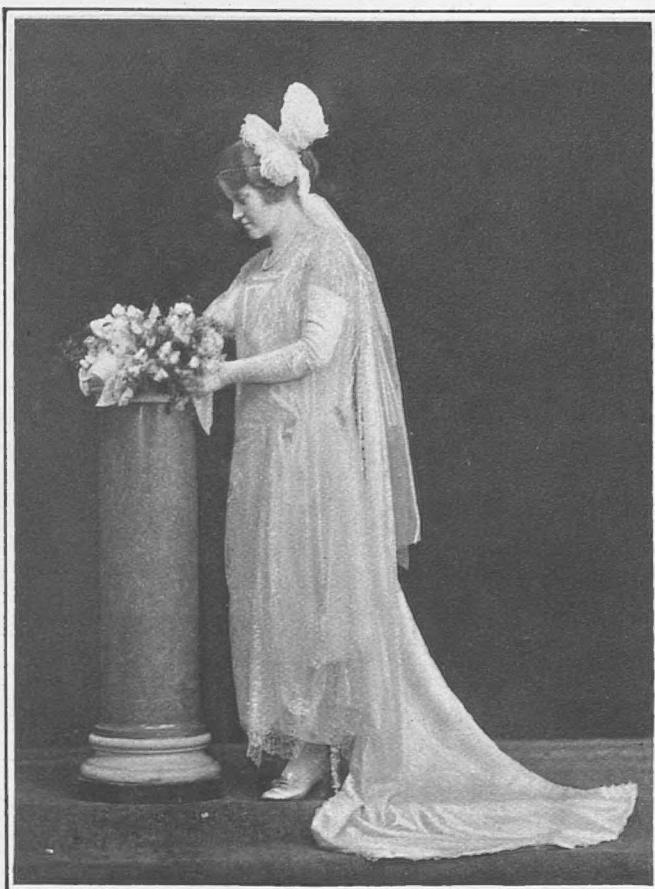
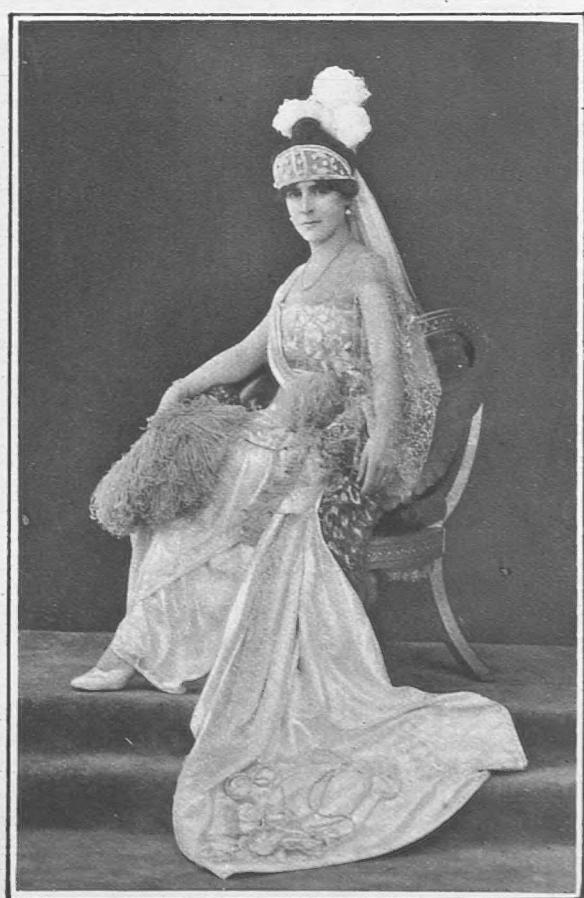
PRESENTED BY HER MOTHER, BARONESS MONCHEUR: BARONESS KATHLEEN MONCHEUR.



PRESENTED BY HER MOTHER, LADY SCHUSTER: MISS B. SCHUSTER.

At the first Court of the season some 1000 guests were present, and the fact that trains and feathers were worn added to the splendour of the scene. The trains were not the full-length affairs of pre-war years, as the ceremonial regulations were that they should not exceed two yards in length, nor extend more than 18 inches from the heel of the wearer, while the veils were 45 inches long and the skirts ankle-length. Our pictures show some of the beautiful gowns worn. Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles wore an ivory-white gown with a heavy gold-lace train, and a corsage of beaten-gold plates, while wonderful diamond ornaments gleamed on the front of her corsage and round her neck.—Viscountess Broome, who is the wife of Viscount Broome, R.N., son and heir of the second Earl Kitchener, wore a handsome gown of champagne-coloured charmeuse, with a

## ANKLE-LENGTH SKIRTS: THE FIRST FULL-DRESS COURT.

PRESENTED BY THE DUCHESS OF ATHOLL:  
MISS NORAH SHORIT.THE DAUGHTER OF THE SPEAKER: MISS V. WHITLEY,  
PRESENTED BY HER MOTHER.PRESENTED BY THE MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY:  
VISCOUNTESS BROOME.DAUGHTER OF DAME CLARA BUTT: MISS  
JOY KENNERLEY RUMFORD.IN A WHITE CRÈPE MARCAIN GOWN:  
MISS BUNTY SCOTT.IN A MAGNIFICENT DRAPED GOWN OF WHITE-  
AND-SILVER BROCADE: LADY STEWART.

embroidered train and panels.—Baroness Kathleen Moncheur, daughter of the Belgian Ambassador, looked charming in shell-pink crêpe marocain draped with chiffon, and a cluster of La France roses at the waist.—Miss Joy Kennerley Rumford, the daughter of Dame Clara Butt and her husband, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, was presented by the Duchess of Somerset, and wore a picture frock of white moiré, embroidered with seed pearls. Her bodice was of white chiffon and silver lace.—Lady Stewart wore a magnificent draped gown of white-and-silver brocade, designed and made by Reville. The corsage was edged with diamanté-and-silver lace, which also formed the sleeves. The waist was caught with a shaded ostrich feather, and a drop ornament of diamanté and crystal. The train was of the same brocade lined with pink striped lamé, with a festooned edging of diamanté. *See page 416*

... No. 10 by Bacon; No. 11 by Malcolm Arbuthnot; No. 12 by Reville.

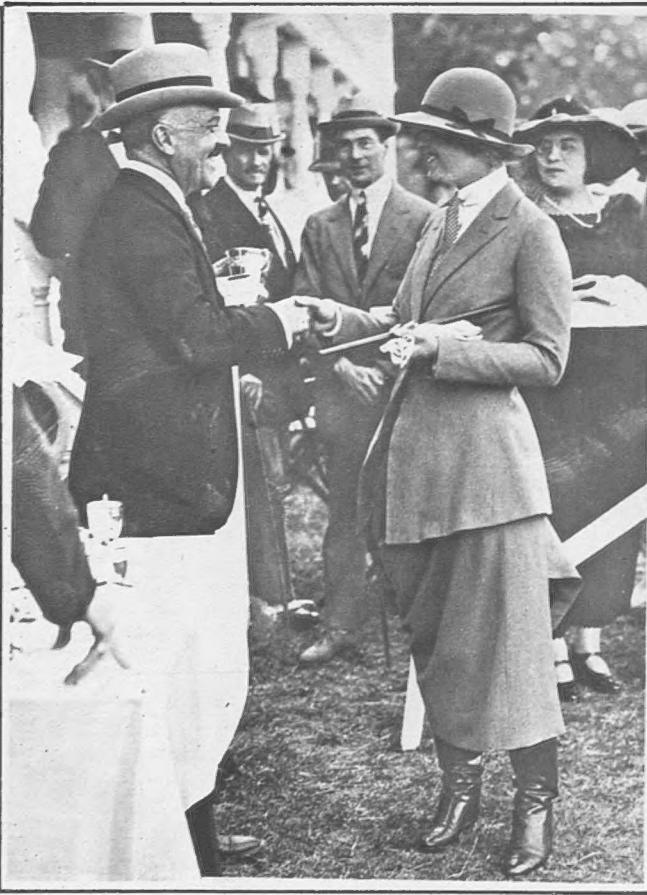
## At the Ranelagh Horse Show and Elsewhere.



LORD ERNEST HAMILTON'S YOUNGER DAUGHTER AND HER HUSBAND :  
MR. AND MRS. "JOCK" BUCHANAN-JARDINE.



WITH THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH : THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH,  
FORMERLY MISS GLADYS DEACON.



RECEIVING HER CUP FOR THE FIRST-PRIZE HACK FROM SIR SYDNEY GREVILLE : MISS ROSEMARY COHEN AT RANELAGH.

Lord Ernest Hamilton's two daughters, Brenda and Jean, are both married. The younger is the wife of Mr. "Jock" Buchanan-Jardine, son of Sir Robert Buchanan-Jardine, of Castle Milk, and was married in 1921. Our snapshot of her and her husband was taken at the marriage of her elder sister, Brenda, to Count Caraman de Chimay,



WITH THE TROPHIES WON BY LADY WENTWORTH'S EXHIBITS AT THE RANELAGH HORSE AND POLO' PONY SHOW : THE HON. ANNE LYTON.

son of Prince and Princess Caraman de Chimay, which took place at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street.—The Ranelagh Horse and Polo Pony Show took place last week. Lady Wentworth is a baroness in her own right. She is the wife of the Hon. Neville Lyton, and the Hon. Anne Lyton is her unmarried daughter.

## A Specialist in the Victorians.



NOW ON VIEW AT THE ALPINE CLUB GALLERY: MR. LYTTON STRACHEY; BY HENRY LAMB.

The portrait of Mr. Lytton Strachey, the well-known author, which is on view at the one-man show now being held at the Alpine Club Gallery, is arousing much interest. Mr. Lytton Strachey's brilliant books, "Eminent Victorians" and "Queen Victoria," were the most discussed publications of 1918 and 1921, and the author is the first

of the army of writers who are now expressing their views of the past epoch. It is therefore particularly amusing to see Mr. Strachey, the great expert on the Victorians, as a modern artist—Mr. Henry Lamb—sees him. Mr. Strachey's latest book is entitled "Books and Characters, French and English."

# The Universal Game.

Lawn-Tennis Notes and Sketches by  
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

I AM afraid the chance of a purely English home-grown lawn-tennis player winning the World's Championship on grass of 1922 is about the same as that of the proverbial snowball in Hades !

It is a ghastly fact to realise that since A. W. Gore won at Wimbledon in 1909 no Englishman has carried off the highest honours in lawn-tennis.

After Gore, the famous New Zealander, the late A. F. Wilding, won four years in succession. The next year Norman Brookes, the

come up on the right ball and kill it stone dead.

These base-liners only use a strip of the court about a yard wide, and, except for the requirements of the service, the rest of the court might just as well be laid out as a flower garden, with a bird-bath in the centre.

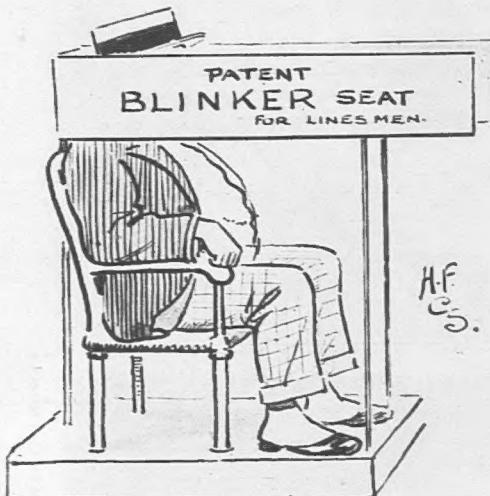
How refreshing to turn from this monotonous back-of-the-court play to watch the amazingly vigorous variety of the Spaniard, M. Alonso. For grace and rhythm, combined with great speed and power, he stands alone, in my opinion.

Moreover, he is a model of good manners in court. No playing to the gallery, no talking ; he and his opponent might be the only two human beings in sight for miles.

But I think it rather a pity, with so many different nationalities now competing at Wimbledon, that they all adopt the English orthodox white shirt, trousers, socks, and shoes. Some of them have costumes so much more picturesque. Imagine the sensation if Alonso entered the ring—I mean the centre court—clad as a Spanish bull-fighter, or perhaps I should say ball-fighter !

But of our foreign friends who are generally to be found in the last four, or thereabouts, commend me to Mishu, the Roumanian, as the most entertaining.

He is a surprise packet. One moment he is playing quite nice straight lawn-tennis. Then all of a sudden, by some strange



A SUGGESTION : THE BLINKER-SEAT FOR LINESMEN.

Australian, wrested the honours from Wilding. Then came the war. In 1919 another Australian, G. L. Patterson, was champion ; and the last two years America, represented by that giant of the game, W. L. Tilden, has triumphed.

But the veteran Ritchie is still with us—and doing remarkably well. I see nothing to prevent him going on playing till he's eighty—unless it be too long a beard !

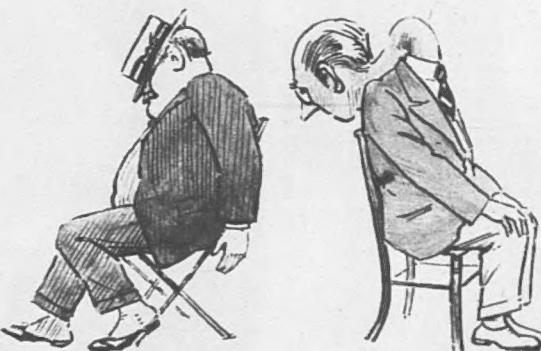
Even as a leopard cannot change his spots, so, I suppose, a base-liner must ever remain a base-liner. Which is most unfortunate for him—and for the nation. For certain it is that no base-liner will be seen



WHY NOT BRIGHTEN WIMBLEDON WITH NATIONAL DRESSES ? ALONSO AS SPANISH "BALL-FIGHTER."

in the final of the Championships at the new Wimbledon this year.

Rallies have a kind of early Victorian flavour about them. The modern game is to



WHY MISTAKES ARE MADE : SOME LINESMEN.

contortion, he has altered his entire stance and stroke. Like a prestidigitator, he has mixed and served up something from his racket—a sort of *omelette en surprise*—which you can almost hear sizzling through the air. When it drops, if you don't watch it, it will screw back and be up and over the net, spinning away to where it came from.

Then, of course, his verbal rallies with the umpire are wonderful. I sometimes think that players who emulate Mr. Justice Darling in court should be provided with a megaphone, lest some of the enthusiasts who have taken expensive seats should fail to hear some of the best bits of the patter.

But nothing that happens in court is quite so annoying as the blundering of linesmen. As the name implies, their job is to glue their eyes on a line and say whether the ball pitches inside, outside, or upon it.

When a linesman says "Outside," and ninety-nine per cent. of the spectators saw it clearly pitch *inside* the line, one wonders if some examination of the eyesight of would-be line umpires ought not to be insisted upon.

In 1914 at Wimbledon, in the match Norman Brookes v. Froitzheim, there was more than one shocking decision by linesmen given against the German. I do not say that



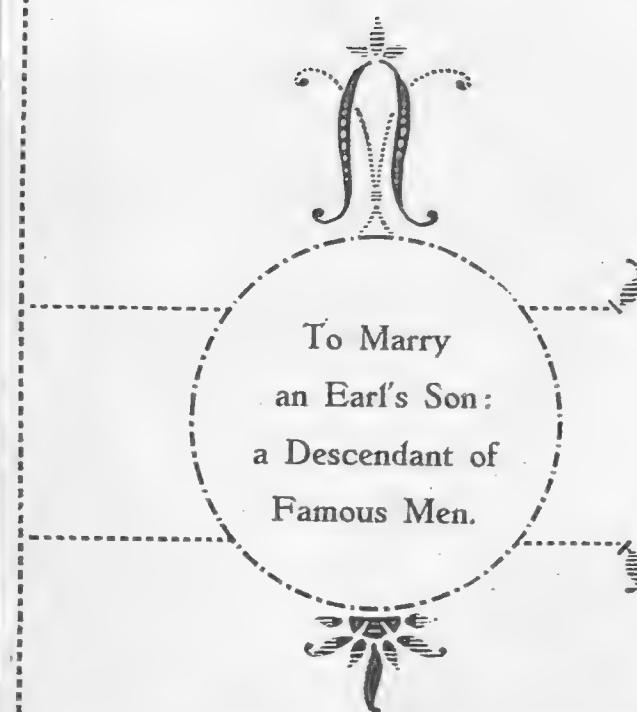
AN OLD 'UN : THE "VETERAN" M. J. G. RITCHIE—AT 80 !

it was on this account that very shortly after this we were at war with Germany ; but steps ought to be taken to prevent such blunders recurring.

The authorities, much to my regret, have not yet adopted my suggestion of supplying linesmen with what I call a blinder-seat. I fear, therefore, that the same type of sleepy, blind, and otherwise deficient linesman will again this year provide a blot on the lawn-tennis copy-book.



WITH AID FOR HIS VERBAL RALLIES : MISHU—AND MEGAPHONE.



Miss Catherine Wendell, who is engaged to Lord Porchester, son of the Earl of Carnarvon, is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. J. Wendell, of New York. She came to England on the death of her father, and lives with her mother at Sandridge, Herts. Miss Wendell, who is a lovely girl, is the descendant of the Washingtons and Lees of Virginia—two of the most famous American families. Her fiancé, who was born in 1898,

is a well-known gentleman rider, and is a godson of the late Mr. Alfred Rothschild, who left his town house, 1, Seamer Place, with its priceless contents, to Lord Porchester's mother, the Countess of Carnarvon. Mr. Rothschild also left £25,000 to Lord Porchester, and the same sum to Lord Carnarvon, while Lady Carnarvon received £50,000 under his will. Lord Porchester has one sister, Lady Evelyn Herbert.



**A Roland for an Oliver.** It may be that the really delightful weather which followed the first overpowering heat-wave affected me that way; but certainly Londoners seem markedly good-humoured and well mannered just now.

I noticed it particularly at the Derby, and during Whit-sun-tide's wonderful open-air carnival. Peevishness seems to have gone; also the worried, irritated look that was almost universal in the year 1920. Even the youthful conductors of the Piccadilly and Bakerloo Tubes have shed their raucous coquettishness, and do not make a point of trying to slam the train gate in your face.

Which reminds me of one interlude on the Bakerloo Railway over which I still sometimes chuckle. A pleasant-looking, self-possessed man got aboard an Underground train at Waterloo. Thinking, apparently, that he was doing the customary thing, he placed the suit-case he was carrying on the end platform of a carriage and walked on to take a seat. 'Take that bag inside!' shouted the young conductor fiercely, before he proceeded to slam the gates. The passenger did not seem to understand that the order was intended for him, and began quietly to read a newspaper.

The train started. Almost immediately the carriage doors were pulled apart and the conductor's head appeared.

"I thought I told you to bring that bag in!" he bellowed.

The passenger did not look up from his paper.

"Hi, you!" called out the conductor still more fiercely. "You've got to bring your bag inside!"

This time the passenger looked up, seemed to realise that it was he who was being so loudly addressed. But there must have been generations of calm in his composition. "Oh, yes," he replied, in even, very English tones, at the same time pushing his hand into his pocket. "Bring it in, will you?" The conductor looked exasperated, but impressed as well. He slammed the doors again; the train drew up at Charing Cross.

When the train started again on its journey to Trafalgar Square the conductor came in and dumped the suit-case beside the passenger. The passenger smiled, said a "Thank you"—and drew an empty hand out of his pocket. There was no tip for the petulant young conductor. There were amused smiles on the faces of the other passengers who had witnessed the play of character and breeding.



**WINNER OF THE LADIES' SINGLES AT CHISWICK: MRS. PEACOCK, WHO DEFEATED MISS RYAN AND MRS. BEAMISH.**

Mrs. Peacock won the Ladies' Open Singles in the Chiswick Park Tournament, after having defeated Miss Ryan in the semi-final, and Mrs. Beamish in the final. Her play is likely to be closely watched in the forthcoming tournaments.

*Photograph by C.P.*

#### International Horse Show.

Lord Lonsdale, a new long cigar just lighted up, was in the ring. The Queen, who was in the Royal Box, sent for him. His Lordship did not, of course, smoke when he entered the box, but I noticed that when he bowed to her Majesty he kept his right hand carefully behind his back. Immediately he left the Royal Box the cigar was going strong as ever.

By the way, if you are smoking a good cigar and you let it go out, follow this course. Don't puff at it as soon as you apply the light. Burn the end of the cigar a while before you start to puff. The cigar will then smoke as well as ever.

However, to return to Lord Lonsdale at the Derby. How popular he is with a crowd! Just before the Derby was run he walked on to the course to have a word or two with some of the gay, hearty medical students who allowed no one at the meeting to forget that they were collecting for the hospitals. At that moment a group of them were putting up a hot performance that looked like

#### The War Spirit of Goodwill.

That occurred not so very long ago, when a bitter, hard, after-the-war spirit seemed to have gripped our people. But the easy, give-and-take, considerate English way seems to have re-asserted itself; and I am not sure but what our public servants—the policemen and the bus and tram conductors—have had a big hand in bringing about this welcome change.

The Metropolitan Police Force never possessed a better-mannered, more calmly resourceful, intelligent lot of men. And the average London bus conductor is an amazingly cheerful, helpful individual—much like an N.C.O. of the best type. And I can accord no higher praise than that. The spirit of goodwill that made our civilian Army such a working success in the Great War is not dead. It has permeated the normal life of the people.

#### Lord Lonsdale's White Ducks.

Lord Lonsdale's white duck trousers which he wore at the Derby have become almost as famous as his perpetual cigar. I remember that cigar so well on one occasion at the

a Rugby scrum. But they were all courtesy and attention when Lord Lonsdale spoke to them.

As for the crowd, they just yelled "Good old Lonny!" or "Good old Diligence!—Lead 'im in, m' Lord."

And the Lonsdale smile was at its broadest.

#### Princess Mary's Dresses.

Everyone just now is commenting on Princess Mary's good looks and her air of happiness. Someone I know, who can be described as a friend of the Royal Family, made a whimsical remark the other day. "The Princess was a model daughter," he said; "but, like any girl of healthy tastes, she enjoys the greater freedom and independence of the young married woman. To begin with, when she and Lord Lascelles came through Paris recently, the Princess was allowed to buy twenty-five new dresses."

**Sir Sam Power.** One of the men whose names it was pleasant to see in the Birthday Honours List was Mr. Sam Power, C.B., now Sir Samuel Power, the kindly, pleasant-mannered Irishman who used to be Chief Clerk at the Irish Office, relative of the Beresfords and friend of Viscount French.

He wears a monocle, has an anecdote to fit every occasion, and knows most people of interest in Dublin as well as in London.

If you are afraid of sunstroke, don't walk with him in the Park on a Sunday morning when the sun blazes, for his hat is hardly ever on his head—he has to raise it to so many ladies of quality and fashion.



**THE ITALIAN PLAYER WHO RECENTLY BEAT M. GOBERT: MR. H. L. DE MORPURGO, AND HIS WIFE.**

Mr. H. L. de Morpurgo, the Italian Davis Cup player, who recently beat M. Gobert, made his appearance at the Gipsy Lawn-Tennis Tournament at Stamford Hill. He was defeated by Captain H. L. Barclay in the third round—[Photo. by C.N.]

## Possible Gold-Cup-Winner Owners of the Future.



MRS. CUTHBERT SHERBROOKE.



MRS. J. A. McLAUGHLIN.



MRS. ARTHUR BENDIR.



COUNTESS FITZWILLIAM.



MRS. BANCROFT.

The number of women who take a serious interest in racing is growing every year, and, as we pointed out in a recent issue, the lady race-horse owner is no longer a *rara avis*, since the latest edition of "Horses in Training" publishes the names of over 120 ladies who have horses in training. In our recent issues we have published portraits of 27 women owners. On this page we give a further series of five, and in forthcoming numbers of "The Sketch" we hope to continue our portraits of good sportswomen who will, we hope, win some classic races in the future, if they have not already done so.—(Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd., Rita Martin, Elite Studios, and Russell.)

## FAMILY STUDIES: HER GOLDEN-HAIRED MAJESTY



WITH THEIR TWO-YEAR-OLD COUSIN, LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN:  
THE INFANTA BEATRICE AND THE INFANTA CRISTINA OF SPAIN.



The beautiful, golden-haired Queen of Spain, who was formerly Princess Ena, has retained her affection for her native country, and as her royal husband, King Alfonso, is also very fond of England, the King and Queen of Spain are regular visitors to London. The Queen, who returned to Madrid last week, has thoroughly enjoyed her visit this year, although, of course, she spent a quiet time, owing to the family mourning. Queen Ena, who was married in 1906, has four sons, and two daughters—the Infanta Beatrice, born in 1909,

## OF SPAIN WITH HER DAUGHTERS AND NIECE.



and the Infanta Cristina, who is two years younger. The young Princesses, who were in London with their mother till last week, are shown with their little cousin, Lady Iris Mountbatten, the baby daughter of the Marquess of Carisbrooke, brother of the Queen of Spain, and the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, who was formerly Lady Irene Denison. She is the daughter of the second Earl of Londesborough, and was married in 1917. Lady Iris was born in 1920.



# Tales with a sting.

## JADE.

BY HOLLOWAY HORN.

THE evening was saturated with calm beauty. The sea, a shimmer of mauve and green and deep blue, was living gold on the horizon.

The girl was hatless. Her short skirts were blown in the lively breeze which had sprung up with the evening. She was—beautiful. Not pretty, but beautiful. There was a coldness, a calm suggestion of self-mastery in the beauty, almost a hint of hardness round the finely chiselled mouth.

The man had warm blue eyes, and a good, but not obtrusive, jaw. In the sea that morning his muscles had rippled beneath his healthy skin, but now the lines of his figure were lost in the old tweed suit he was wearing.

He was a painter. Very modern and honest, with clear-cut ideas and insistent ideals. Poor—desperately poor, but with a wealth of dreams.

She was a woman.

Not merely in the physical sense, although in the playful breeze the soft contours of her figure were eloquent, but in a deeper, subtler sense. She had no patience with this modern talk of woman's widening sphere. Men were always responding to her attraction; that was all she wanted.

Basil Redway was the latest of her partners in the age-old dance.

Of course, she had never been serious where he was concerned. He hadn't five pounds in the world—apart from his dreams. From Maisie's view-point he was just a nice boy.

And he loved her with the volcanic, unreasoning, glorious love of a boy!

It was a little irritating. If he had had any sense, she argued, he would have known that she was not serious. Sometimes she became quite cross when he was too persistent. He loved her, he said. He was impatient of these modern artificialities, contemptuous of the corrupting money for which man scratched and fought. All this, and much more nonsense, he told her.

Once he said that she was his woman. He liked the phrase; it was simple and primitive.

She thought it a little coarse, and said so.

"Oh, my God!" he had cried aloud. "To think that so glorious a creature as you can be utterly without vision, utterly without soul!"

"Don't be absurd, Basil!" she had protested. "Why aren't you calmer, more like other men?" She really wanted to know.

"Don't talk!" he had commanded. "Stand by the edge where I can see you. I just want to look at you—that's all. You are simply a picture, a picture painted by an artist with the most wonderful technique in the world, but with the feeling of a vegetable marrow."

She liked being looked at, liked being told that she was beautiful, particularly in such a piquant way.

And after many weeks they were walking along the grassy road over the cliffs for the last time.

He was more moody than ever that night as he slouched along by her side with his hands in the pockets of his disreputable jacket.

"You are the most beautiful woman

I have ever seen," he said after a long silence.

She made a mocking, maddening curtsey.

"We strive to please!" she said.

"You do *not* please."

"No?" A faint mirthful question dwelt in the word.

"You go back to London to-morrow?"

"I do."

"You *like* London?" he asked incredulously.

"I adore it! Bond Street is the most fascinating spot in the world. I think that I prefer it even to the Rue de la Paix."

"The Rue de la Paix is not in England. That is its only virtue."

"Cynic!" she laughed. It was a word she had heard used in a play. It sounded clever, and she brought it out frequently.

"Nonsense!" he said. "I've told you before you don't understand the meaning of that word. Why do you use it?"

"I sometimes think you are the most unpleasant man I have ever met," she protested.

"I am a man and not a bank balance, anyway."

"You need not sneer at George!"

"I don't. I pity him. He cannot appreciate your beauty. He has not the sense, the eyes—the feeling."

"He may not understand me as you do," she said, suddenly thoughtful. "On the other hand, he may think that I—well, that I am clever. So probably it's just as well."

They came to the headland, and she posed for him. She stood on the cliff edge, holding out her arms to the golden horizon.

He watched her gravely.

They walked back to the hotel almost in silence.

He gripped himself, but he was twenty-eight and in love. The unforgivable sin happened; he became sentimental—he, an artist!

He begged her to go away with him—he would work, would make money, pour it at her feet if she wished, if only she would give up the man she was to marry in the autumn.

"I love you so!" he whispered brokenly. "I want you. Life without you is grey, colourless. Colour is love!"

She thoroughly enjoyed it.

It was an hour of triumph.

She was very gentle, very womanly.

But, "No!"

That was the purport of her kindness and of her gentleness.

At the parting he drew from his pocket a little leather case. Almost sheepishly—so dreadful is sentimentality!—he opened it. It contained a tiny jade brooch.

"I bought you this," he said jerkily. "Sometimes your eyes are deep pools of jade. If ever you want me, if ever you need help, send it to me, or wear it if I am near you. You will promise me—Maisie?"

"I promise!" she said softly and with that sure sense of the theatre that usually allows a woman to dominate a situation.

"You will never wear it unless I am near?" he urged.

"Never!" she promised.

She gave him her lips at the parting.

Indeed, she closed her eyes and clung to him as he kissed her.

Then she slipped away.

Ten years later Mrs. George Sugden was staying in an hotel on the south coast. She had more beautiful diamonds than any other woman in the hotel. Her husband joined her at the week-ends—for golf.

She saw the famous painter in the lounge first, and for a while was able to watch him unobserved. She knew he was to be there, because people had been talking about it for days. He looked—older.

What would he think of her?

A little, confident smile flickered into her face.

After all, life without any adventures is very dull. He was a celebrity now; the world was at his feet. It lent an irresistible touch of piquancy to the—adventure!

Her thoughts were interrupted by her husband, who had arrived half-an-hour before.

She was very patient with him.

Just before dinner she met Redway face to face.

"Surely," she exclaimed, "it's Mr. Redway!"

He greeted her in the charming manner of the successful portrait-painter.

"And to think," she said, with a twinkling, calculated laugh, "that you have actually realised all those dreams you used to talk about! Isn't it *wonderful*?"

He glanced sharply at her, a queer look in his eyes.

"Unrealised dreams are not good for a man," he said. She jumped at the meaning of the remark; a little thrill of pleasure ran through her, perfect egoist that she was.

"Pleased to meet you," Mr. Sugden said, when his wife introduced him. He would have said exactly the same if Redway had been the hotel manager or a bishop. He was that kind of man.

"You are alone?" Mrs. Sugden asked the painter.

"Alas!" he said.

"Then you must join us."

He bowed.

The following day Redway was engaged with a fishing party, and it was not until he came into dinner that Mrs. Sugden saw him. She had thought the whole thing out very carefully, and was wearing a daring little black frock. Her fair hair and lovely shoulders were eloquent. She was radiant, had never been more confident in her life.

"You've forgotten your diamonds, my dear," Sugden said as she sat down. He was obviously proud of his wife's diamonds.

"I'm a little tired of diamonds," she said quietly.

"I don't remember that green brooch," Sugden persisted. "Jade, isn't it?"

"Yes. I have had it a great many years, but I have never worn it until this evening. I'm sure that Mr. Redway will like it. It used to be his favourite colour." It was as near as Maisie dared go.

"It's very charming," Redway said, glancing at it without recognition. "But how odd that you should have remembered my favourite colour after all these years, Mrs. Sugden!"

"Oh, it's just trifles like that a woman does remember," she said, with her tinkling little laugh.

THE END.

## This Week's Studdy.



## LOST BALL.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

NOTE: The Studdy Dog Portfolio, containing fifteen of the most famous of the Dog Studies by Studdy which have appeared in the "Sketch," printed in colours, is now on sale, price 2s.

## Greeting the Sunrise: Stars on a Mountain Top



POSED IN AN OPEN-AIR DANCE: MEMBERS OF THE PAVLEY—OUKRAINSKY BALLET OF THE CHICAGO OPERA.

These beautiful photographic studies of open-air dancing come from America. The larger picture shows some members of the Pavley-Oukrainsky Ballet Company of the Chicago Opera posed on the rocky side of a mountain just as dawn is breaking; while the lower photograph pictures

Andreas Pavley, one of the *premiers danseurs*, stars, and Masters of the Ballet, surrounded by members of his company, the famous Ballet Pavley and Oukrainsky. The posing of the group gives a wonderful Grecian effect.—[Photographs by Eugene Hutchinson.]

## The Daughter of a Famous Soldier-Peer.



THE ONLY CHILD OF LORD AND LADY HORNE: THE HON. "KITTY" HORNE.

The Hon. 'Kitten' (Kate) Horne is the only child of Major-General Lord Horne, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., etc., the famous General, and of Lady Horne. She is a very charming young girl, is fond of outdoor sports and rides well, and is a keen dancer and a great

favourite in Society. Lord and Lady Horne have a place in the extreme North of Scotland, Stirkoke House, Wick, Caithness, as well as Priestwell House, East Haddon, Northants, and when in London they live in a charming flat, 23, Basil Mansions.

PHOTOGRAPH EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH" BY YEVONDE.

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THE JOCKEY WHO HAS WON THE DERBY TWICE IN SUCCESSION.





THE LEADING JOCKEY — AND THE GREATEST EXPERT ON THE EPSOM COURSE : STEVE DONOGHUE, WHO RODE CAPTAIN CUTTLE TO VICTORY THIS YEAR.

Steve Donoghue is the leading jockey, and has now achieved the feat of riding the Derby winner for two years in succession, as last year Mr. J. B. Joel's Humorist came in first with Donoghue up, and this year he rode Lord Woolavington's Captain Cuttle, and won in a canter from Tamar, in the record time of 2 min. 34 3-5 sec. Donoghue rode a great race, and had his horse so well placed quite early that there may be said to have been no stage at which he did not appear to have everything at his mercy. He only took Captain Cuttle to the front when he had come round Tattingham Corner, and then he simply sailed home. Steve Donoghue rode the winners of the 1915 and 1917 Derbys—run at Newmarket. He was the leading jockey for 1921-2, with 141 wins to his credit, and is certainly the most famous of all present-day professional riders.

*Photograph by Bassano.*

## Bride of the Co.U. Member for East Islington.



## MARRIED LAST WEEK TO MR. A. BALDWIN RAPER, M.P.: MARCHIONESS CONYNGHAM.

The marriage of Marchioness Conyngham and Mr. A. Baldwin Raper, M.P., took place on Wednesday, June 7, at St. James' Church, Spanish Place. Lady Conyngham, who is a very lovely woman, is Australian by birth. She married the sixth Marquess Conyngham in 1914, and obtained a divorce from him last year. Mr. A. Baldwin

Raper is the Coalition Unionist member for East Islington, which he has represented since 1918. He has travelled widely in Europe, Asia Minor, and the Near East. During the war he served with the Royal Air Force, and received the Order of St. Stanislas from the Russian Government, for services to the Russian Aviation Mission.

## The Beautiful Mother of Fascinating Twins.



FORMERLY MISS SYLVIA FARQUHARSON : MRS. EDWARD ROBERT FRANCIS COMPTON.

Mrs. Edward Robert Francis Compton is the wife of the elder son of the late Lord Alwyne Frederick Compton, D.S.O., third son of the fourth Marquess of Northampton, and is the younger daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Haldane Farquharson of Invercauld. She was married in 1918, and has a twin son and daughter: Alwyne Arthur and Mary

Compton, who are now two years old and a most fascinating pair. Mrs. Compton's sister, Miss Myrtle Farquharson, is two years her senior. She is a very able artist, and "Sketch" readers will remember the thumb-nail sketch of Mr. Leo Klin, the artist, which Miss Myrtle Farquharson drew in the corner of his portrait of her—published in a recent issue.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY LEO KLIN.



A CHOICE OF EVILS!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



## Probing a Secret.

There seems to be a steadily growing determination to master that most elusive and tantalising of golf secrets—the art of putting. A prize of £500 has been offered for anybody who can get down eighteen putts of six yards each, and eighteen putts of a yard and a half each. In olden days a golfer would have been burnt at the stake even for contemplating such black magic. There is only



IN ENGLAND TO DEFEND HIS TITLE: JOCK HUTCHISON, THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPION. Jock Hutchison, who won the Open Championship at St. Andrews last year, has arrived in this country to defend his title at Sandwich. The qualifying rounds will be played over Prince's and Royal St. George's on June 19 and 20, and the Championship will be fought for on June 22 and 23. Jock Hutchison won at St. Andrews after a tie with Mr. Roger Wethered. His home course is Glenview, U.S.A., but his family have been well known at St. Andrews for years, and count several professionals among them. The Open Champion has been playing at Gleneagles since his arrival, in the £1000 "Glasgow Herald" Tournament.

Photograph by L.N.A.

one criticism that the looker-on at championships feels constrained to pass upon the endeavour to raise the standard of putting. The ritual of putting is slowing down in a degree that makes the spectator wonder whether the player ever will hit the ball. This was never more noticeable than in the Amateur Championship at Prestwick. Wherever one went about the course, there were competitors walking stealthily up and down beside the lines of their putts, examining the ground, inch by inch, picking up loose impediments that nobody else could see, viewing the line first from the ball and then from the hole, and then doing it all over again, sitting down on their haunches to search for undulations, lying prone on the ground to look for more, and seemingly doing everything possible to postpone the dread moment when they would have to strike the ball.

## Masters of Putting: Holderness and Duncan.

By R. Endersby Howard.

## Successful Celerity.

If all these precautions produced good results, it would have to be confessed that the end justified the time it took to achieve. But one's main impression of the ultra-circumspective putters is that, on the whole, they are disappointing. Week in and week out, in big tournaments and small affairs, no two players I have seen are better on the putting green than Mr. Ernest W. Holderness, the new Amateur Champion, and George Duncan. And these two spend just about as little time in their preparations as anybody reasonably could devote to an operation the success of which is dependent partly on inspiration and partly on care.

**It's So Simple.** Mr. Holderness stands fairly upright, with his head well over the ball. He swings his putter pendulum fashion, and strikes smoothly and plainly with the middle of the club-face. The middle of the tin is his target. That, at any rate, is how his method appeals to the eye: there seems to be no attempt at artifice, such as creeping in at one side of the hole or the other by the application of slice or pull spin. If he has to "borrow" over undulating ground, he still plays the putt in this plain, simple way. The truth is, I think, that in his preparation for the putt he sees the line to the hole very quickly, and does not allow his mind to be distracted from it. He trusts to the first impression (which is probably the right one in nine cases out of ten), and having permitted himself to gather no other, he is free of doubt.

**The Last Look.** As a rule, Mr. Holderness examines the line only from the ball, and takes little time to do that. Then he addresses the ball, takes one last brief look at the line—never a second look—and puts. The result is, I should say, that he never sees two lines. That is unquestionably the common fate of people who examine the situation from either end, and make several further inspections of the line after the address. I suppose that most golfers feel that they must have at least two such peeps. Here it is, in all probability, that misgiving begins. After that, the putt is easy to miss.

## Duncan's Systems.

George Duncan is just as concise in his preparations. The line that he sees from the ball to the hole satisfies him: he concentrates on it for a few seconds, and then puts. But in his methods Duncan is decidedly advanced, for he has two distinct ways of putting—one for shots of about three yards or less, and the other for long putts. Let us take the latter first. Like most mortals, he is well content to lay his ball dead from a distance of ten or fifteen yards, and the way he does it is to adopt the pendulum swing—which certainly is not his way for short putts. If you observe carefully when he is playing a long one, you will notice that he takes the club back almost entirely with the left hand and arm. He keeps the right entirely subservient at this stage of the proceedings. His theory is that if you allow the right any license during the back swing it will naturally

lift the club. And a first essential is, he says, to keep the club-head as close to the ground as possible all the way in an extended line of the putt. That the left hand will do, so long as the right has no control.

## The Striking Hand.

It is in the forward movement that his right comes into action. It is master now. It is the hand with which the striking is accomplished. This, Duncan contends, is the ideal way of producing the pendulum swing. One thing you will detect is that, although his club-head follows through smoothly for long putts, it never gets ahead of his hands. At the finish, his hands are level with it. When the club-head takes the lead at the impact, there is obviously less chance of controlling the direction of the putt. His body is as steady as a rock during these operations. Only the left hand, and then the right, are working.

## How to Hole Out.

For putts of about three yards or less which he wants to hole—he got down two of them on the seventeenth and eighteenth greens to accomplish his recent record round of sixty-eight at St. Andrews—Duncan abandons the pendulum swing. His right hand does virtually everything. The left elbow points more towards the hole; the right hand takes the club back; he hits down firmly on to the middle of the back of the ball, and stops the follow-through quickly. There is no



WINNER OF THE ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S WHITSUN-TIDE COMPETITION: THE HON. F. S. JACKSON, M.P. The Hon. F. S. Jackson, who is a scratch player, won the Royal St. George's Whitsuntide Competition at Sandwich. He defeated Major A. H. Bridges (9) by two up in the final

Photograph by S. and G.

question that for this putt—although not for the longer one—he applies top spin, for his ball hugs the ground all the way, and dives in directly it reaches the brink of the tin. Mr. Holderness and Duncan are two very great putters whose examples teach the value of never allowing oneself to conjure up doubts.

# Crack Men of the Crack Counties.



W. HITCH.

**W. HITCH.**  
ONE of our photographs shows W. Hitch, who has bowled for England and played with great energy for Surrey since 1909, halfway through his vigorous bowling action—an action which deceives many onlookers who have never played real fast bowling into crediting this physically very strong cricketer with pace which is not his. Hitch is one of the finest of fieldsmen, and a useful hitter. Too useful, they say in Somersetshire.

**D. J. KNIGHT.**

Of D. J. Knight, of Malvern and Oxford University, much has been written and said, but it is all as

nothing to the volumes which would be penned if this very accomplished batsman had not the misfortune to have to work for his living. That was indeed a most unfortunate run out at Trent Bridge in May 1921 in the first Test, for if ever a man was set and looked like a hundred, Knight did that day. A strong on-side player, Knight can play all round the wicket, though his game would be stronger still if he cut out of it a certain pushing stroke, from a crouching stance, through the slips.

**J. B. HOBBS.**

If volumes have been written and said of Knight, a veritable library is the result of the efforts in the cricket field of J. B. Hobbs, who at this moment needs a dozen centuries



T. SHEPHERD.



D. J. KNIGHT.

only in order to place his name on the list at present occupied only by the late W. G. Grace and T. Hayward—they alone having scored over a hundred centuries in first-class cricket. It is a cheap and a popular thing to say that Hobbs is not "what he was." As he goes on scoring centuries, it follows that he must have been something out of the ordinary when he was! Somebody once asked: "Which is Hobbs' best stroke?" To which came the instant reply: "He hasn't got one."

**T. SHEPHERD.**

T. Shepherd is a young and sedate cricketer who startled a good many people by scoring 1914 runs last season for Surrey. Needless to add, he has not maintained anything like



J. B. HOBBS.



A. DUCAT.

# The Lyric Siren in Several Moods.



1. AS THE SIREN OF "WHIRLED INTO HAPPINESS": MISS MAI BACON AND HER BUTTERFLIED ARM.
3. MISS MAI BACON AS THE FLIRTATIOUS DELPHINE OF THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY AT THE LYRIC.

Miss Mai Bacon makes a very fascinating if troublesome siren in her rôle in "Whirled into Happiness," at the Lyric. As the mischievous Delphine de Lavallière, she is responsible for the confusion between the Marquess of Brancaster and Horace Wiggs, the hairdresser's assistant,

2. THE DANCER IN HER SHIMMERY, SHINY DRESS: MISS MAI BACON AS DELPHINE DE LAVALLIÈRE.
4. THE LADY WHO CAUSED ALL THE TROUBLE: MISS MAI BACON AS DELPHINE DE LAVALLIÈRE.

which forms the plot of the play; but she has a great deal more to do than merely to start the ball rolling, for her flirtatious effort with Horridge the Hat Magnate, played by Mr. Tom Walls, in his villa at Crouch End, is one of the best things which she has done.



## The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

**Sex in Fiction.** A discussion has been zephyring—"raging" is the usual word, but I cannot bring myself to use it in this weather—in an evening paper on the subject of sex in fiction. Dean Inge, that very accomplished journalist, began it. With the extraordinary optimism he ever displays, the Dean pleaded with our writers of fiction not to pander to the tuppenny tastes of the libidinous. Not that he put it like that. Once a Dean, always a Dean.

"At the present time," he said, "when the country is suffering severely from the moral as well as from the material *sequelæ* of the war, it is surely the duty of all writers who have the ear of the public to use their influence on the side of purifying our social life. There never was a time when there was a more urgent necessity to direct the minds of the public to all things that are true and noble and just and pure and lovely and of good report."

"We are threatened with an outbreak of licentiousness like that which followed the Civil War in the seventeenth century, and the Napoleonic War a hundred years ago. A pure and elevated tone in popular literature would do much to diminish the evil and bring it to an early end. I think it was Ruskin who said that every Englishman had reason to thank God for the purity of Scott."

**The Dean in Trouble.** I trembled for the Dean when I read those lines. I felt that he would get into trouble. Nothing infuriates our intellectuals more than to be reminded of their duty to the public. I knew that the Dean would be called priggish, and cowardly, and silly, and suburban, and so forth.

I was right. The very next evening two of our "doughtiest champions" of free writing set about him with their bladders. Mr. Wells was one, and Mr. Shaw the other. Mr. Wells dragged in the Anglican marriage service, and allowed himself a quip about love among the higher clergy. (The clergy, of course, are always fair game for this sort of thing. The traditional "stage curate" dies hard.)

Mr. Shaw went further. He always does go further. He must. It is expected of him. He dragged in sanitation. He is very fond of jokes about sanitation. Frenchmen of a certain class and English schoolboys of all classes would revel in some of Mr. Shaw's stage directions.

Mr. Shaw said that the foulness of which the Dean complained was nothing but a violent reaction against the intolerable and dishonest affectation of Victorian literature. In other words, he admits the foulness of the present and blames the past for that foulness. He might as well argue that a man whose ancestors drank too much port should hack off his toes with a chopper. Whatever the Victorians did or did not has nothing to do with the question. There is no logical value

at any time in violent reactions, and it is this violent reaction which Dean Inge, in his gentle, scholarly, optimistic way, is trying to check.

### Treatment.

Mr. Wells pretends that the Dean wants to eliminate all questions of sex from our modern novels. He

dramatist allowed himself to say in an interview, "I find it increasingly difficult to take an interest in the love affairs of young people." At that particular time, the love affairs of young people were not the vogue. They were considered low and suburban. You had to affect complete ignorance of such things if you wanted to be anybody. And this, dear Mr. Shaw, was long after the Victorian era. Every age has its affectations, even our own!

**"My Years in Paris."** After all, if you cannot take an interest in the love affairs of young people, or if you cannot deal with the relations of the sexes without being nasty, there are plenty of other topics of interest.

Here, for example, is a delightfully amusing book of reminiscences by Princess Pauline Metternich. It is not the first of the series, and will not, I gather, be the last. Here you may revel to the content of your heart in the society of emperors and empresses. Even the most lofty and aristocratic critic will not dare to label this book suburban. It is, of course, suburban, because Versailles is a suburb of Paris, but "What is good taste above the waist is improper below the knee."

I like the unstudied humanity of the Princess. The chapter headed, "A Picnic at Sea," is very funny. The Empress Eugénie was very fond of excursions. She liked to "get people going." She liked that atmosphere of luncheon-baskets, and peeps at the sky, and excited preparations. The ladies and gentlemen of the household were always invited. They had to accept, of course, and they had to make the best of it. But sea-sickness is a match even for courtiers.

"The waves were rising higher and higher, and it was no easy task to get up the accommodation ladder. The Empress went first, my turn came next, and so on. This part of the entertainment, I am bound to confess, held no charms for me, and the other ladies were very decidedly of the same opinion as myself. Countess Przedzieniec rent the air with her shrieks—shrieks that

**NOW LADY KEEBLE : MISS LILLAH McCARTHY, THE FAMOUS ACTRESS, HAS A GAME OF GOLF.**

Miss Lillah McCarthy, the famous actress who has a genius for playing rôles in period costumes, is now Lady Keeble. In 1920 she married Professor F. W. Keeble, the distinguished Sherardian Professor of Botany and Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford; and his name appeared in the recent Birth-day Honours List as one of the new knights.

*Photograph by Bassano.*

penetrated to ones very soul." [And wasn't the Princess delighted, having been twitted by this very Countess for her dread of seasickness!] "Countess Walewska only just escaped falling headlong into the sea; Madame de la Bédoyère was drenched from head to foot; half the Bay of Biscay poured its waters down the back of Madame de Montebello, and Miss Vaughan, the young English girl so

*(Continued overleaf)*



ONE OF THE NEW KNIGHTS PLAYS GOLF : SIR FREDERICK WILLIAM KEEBLE, SHERARDIAN PROFESSOR OF BOTANY AT OXFORD. Sir Frederick William Keeble, Sherardian Professor of Botany, and Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, is one of the new knights who received their honour in the Birthday List. The Professor, who married Miss Lillah McCarthy, the famous actress, in 1920, is a keen golfer.—[Photograph by Bassano.]



NOW LADY KEEBLE : MISS LILLAH McCARTHY, THE FAMOUS ACTRESS, HAS A GAME OF GOLF.

## Society Portraiture—New Style: No. I.



A HOSTESS WELL KNOWN AT TAPLOW: MRS. HUGH ADAMS.

This beautiful study is an example of the latest style in photographic portraiture. Mrs. Hugh Adams, who is a well-known Society hostess and a keen worker in the cause of charity, has a charming house at Taplow, where she recently gave a large ball.

Photograph by Hugh Cecil.

*Continued.]* addicted to sports of every description, managed to sprain her ankle."

**Napoleon III. in the Hunting Field.** The Princess is very enthusiastic about the hunting parties. It was not in the least, she says, like hunting in England.

"The men wore the Imperial colours—green coats braided with gold, red facings, white leather breeches, top-boots, and three-cornered hats. The women wore green cloth riding habits; the bodices were braided in gold with red facings, and, like the men, they wore three-cornered hats. . . . At the end of the run, the stag was killed by a rifle-shot, and the Emperor presented a foot to one of the ladies present."

This pretty custom is still observed in England, by the way, although three-cornered hats and green coats braided with gold are seldom seen on Exmoor. And we don't kill the stag with a rifle-shot. If we can't afford it, we cut his throat. If we can't, we put the poor wretch into a box and send him home to be hunted another day. (I have been told that some of our more experienced stags are so friendly with hounds that they will stop for a chat in the middle of a run, and then lollop away again.)

The Anti-Waste Party ought to read this book. I direct their attention more particularly to Chapter XIII., which describes a fête given in honour of the King of Spain. I don't know what the French tax-payers thought of it, but our Princess was ingenuously delighted—especially with the fireworks!

"This was the signal for Ruggieri to send up his wonderful rockets, each one succeeding the other with such rapidity that the very heavens seemed on fire. One hardly knew which way to look; it was like a scene in fairyland. But all of a sudden there was a terrific cannonade, and amid an uproar that was nothing short of deafening, suns and stars innumerable shot up in every direction, while, to all appearance, the whole of Versailles was wrapped in flames."

If one can be sure of anything in this uncertain world, it is that these expensively ornate days will never come again. Even the dear old British public, I fancy, would get a little restive at the sight of a million rockets at a shilling a time all being let off at once. Still, it is instructive and amusing to read the doings of these nice children of fifty or sixty years ago.

**"Blindfold."** Mrs. Victor Rickard, in her novel entitled "Blindfold," also deals with Parisian and French provincial life. But not from the same point of view as Princess Pauline Metternich.

There are no splendours in this curious, very clever book. It begins sordidly, and ends sordidly. Neither is there anything ingenuous. The atmosphere is heavy, soaked, weary with knowledge of the underworld. Francis Huntingdon is a creation of whom Mrs. Rickard may well be proud.

He is, I suppose, the villain of the piece, but I like him. And I have a suspicion that the author likes him too. She begins by trying to set us agin 'im. His young wife is dead. He has pawned or sold her rings.

And he is willing to take a cheque to go away and leave his daughter to be brought up by his wife's sister. Not a large cheque. Only a hundred pounds. But a hundred pounds is a hundred pounds to poor old Francis, the gambler and generally deplorable fellow.

The child is called Kate. She lives with Aunt Laura in a dull country house in Ireland until she is nineteen. Then Aunt Laura takes her to Paris. In the train Kate sees



AN AUTHOR IN THE SEA: MISS MAY EDGINTON (RIGHT).

Miss May Edginton, the well-known author of serial stories, has been enjoying a visit to Bognor, where our photographer snapped her on the sea-shore enjoying a bathe. It will be remembered that "His Lady Friends" was founded on her novel, and her work is well known to all lovers of light fiction.—[Photograph by J.B.]

a young man, and the young man sees her. In Paris Kate meets the young man again, and she meets other men, including, of all people, her disreputable father. Up to that moment she never knew she had a father.

Comes a morning when Kate must decide—father and disreputable Paris or Aunt Laura (in a bad temper) and the dull country house



THE ULSTER LEADER AT ETON WITH HIS FAMILY: SIR JAMES CRAIG WITH LADY CRAIG AND THEIR TWIN SONS.

This snapshot was taken on the Fourth of June, and shows Sir James Craig, the Ulster leader, with Lady Craig and Mr. James and Mr. Patrick Craig, their twin sons, who are now in their sixteenth year. Sir James and Lady Craig have one daughter, Miss Elinor Craig, who is a year younger than her brothers.

Photograph by G.P.U.

in Ireland. Which does she choose? Well, need you ask? This is how Francis gets his daughter—

"I want you after the curious fashion of human inconsistency." He looked at her with his jaded, handsome eyes. "Whether it will be good for you I don't ask. That is one of the questions I avoid in life. I shall not alter myself. The flat up the hill, the Rue de

Château, won't blossom like a rose. There it is—your room which is empty, and mine which is rather dusty, the salon, and the dining-room, and the *femme de ménage*, who comes in and breaks a few things and goes away again. We shall eat outside, because I have always done so, and you won't find my friends dull. You will have to look after yourself, and it will be extraordinarily nice for me."

So they try it, and the odd thing is that the experiment succeeds—in its way. It is not very gay—nor yet too sad. It is not very hectic—yet the undercurrent of vice is always flowing beneath Kate's feet. This extraordinary father, who cares little for drink or women, but delights in the society of shady rascals who will sit up all night with a pack of cards and a tame pigeon, leaves Kate entirely to her own devices. He knows that her instinctive purity will be proof against the murky gutters of Montmartre. And he is right. Always right, poor devil, except about such matters as concern his own welfare, and then he is invariably wrong.

**The House in the Wine List.** Somebody lends them a house at Maurennnes, near Médoc, which is

in the wine list, as Francis says. The chief attraction at Maurennnes is the Casino, of course. The boredom of poor Francis until the Casino opens is delightful. Not that he gets any good out of the Casino when it does open. Why should he? Winnings are not

for him. He is one of the world's consistent losers. There are such people, you know. At least, you may not know, but the author of this book does.

The young man in the train has followed the father and daughter to the house in the wine list. Never mind how or why. Poor old Francis, who is down to twenty francs, sees

only one thing for it. He must sell Kate once again. Still, this is a different sort of selling. The young man loves her and she loves him. A hundred pounds is not enough. Two thousand is his price. He gets it all right. But he does not cash it. He "hands in his own checks" instead.

"Once again he looked round very slowly, and took a deep breath as he dropped from the point of rock into the sea. 'I wish it had been the Seine,' he said aloud, and then he swam outwards, with the heavy stroke of a man who is tired, to death."

The right place to end the book. Francis is the only character that really matters, but he matters immensely.

**"The Lake of Geneva."** Still on the Continent, you see.

This is a very handsome volume by Sir Frederick Treves, illustrated by really charming photographs which Sir Frederick himself took with his own camera. If you love the Lake of Geneva, you will be intensely interested in this book. If you don't love it,

that can only be because you don't know it. Well, let Sir Frederick tell you all about it.

**My Years in Paris.** By Princess Pauline Metternich. (Nash and Grayson; 10s. 6d. net.)

**Blindfold.** By Mrs. Victor Rickard. (Jonathan Cape; 7s. 6d. net.)

**The Lake of Geneva.** By Sir Frederick Treves. (Cassell; 25s. net.)

## The New Lost One for Drury Lane.



PERDITA; ALIAS ALATIEL: MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN, OF "DECAMERON NIGHTS."

Miss Margaret Bannerman is the new Perdita, or Lost One, for "Decameron Nights" at Drury Lane, and was first seen in the part last week. She is a charming and skilful artist, and her talents have

full scope in the leading rôle of the wonderful spectacular drama based on Boccaccio. Although the character she plays appears on the programme as Perdita, Perdita is really Princess Alatiel.

## Undergraduate "Ladies" of "The Bedder's Opera."



SENRITA TINI IN "THE BEDDER'S OPERA":  
MR. A. H. B. SCHOLFELD.



SYLVIA SOMERS IN THE FOOTLIGHTS DRAMATIC CLUB  
MAY WEEK PRODUCTION: MR. N. B. HARTNELL.



IN "HER" SPANISH COSTUME: MR. R. B.  
BROWN AS DESIRÉE DE MENTHE.



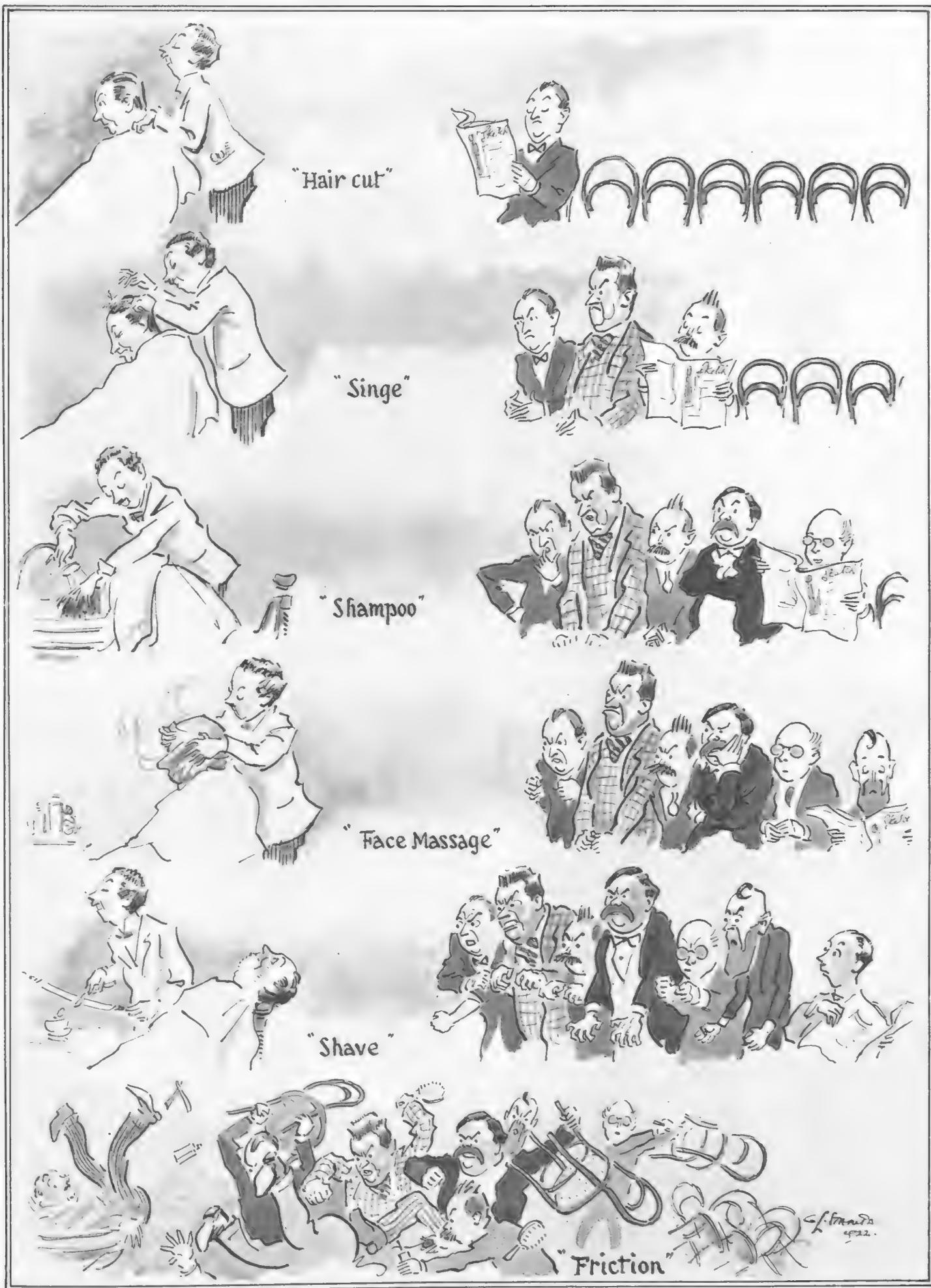
WEARING A COCK'S-FEATHER HEADDRESS: MR. R. B. BROWN  
AS DESIRÉE DE MENTHE.



ONE OF THE "LADIES" APPEARING IN "THE BEDDER'S OPERA":  
MR. N. B. HARTNELL AS SYLVIA.

The May Week production of the Footlights Dramatic Club consisted of a very clever, bright, and tuneful operatic skit entitled, "The Bedder's Opera." Most of the music is by Mr. M. D. Lyon, who, as President of the Club, juvenile lead, and one of the musical directors, has plenty to do when he is not keeping wicket for the University cricket eleven! The play is the twenty-third of the Club's productions at the New Theatre,

Cambridge, and will rank as among their best. The "ladies" of the cast deserve special praise. The rôles of Desirée and Sylvia were admirably acted, and they appeared in some seven dresses each, every toilette being perfect in style and detail. The title of the play is, of course, a harmless skit on the successful "Beggar's Opera," and can be readily appreciated by all who have a knowledge of University life.



"WON'T KEEP YOU A MOMENT, SIR!"

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

# The Lights of Paris.

Summer  
Printemps!

If one talks of the "season," nobody will think of Paris.

The "season" without any qualificative applies only to London. The London season was the first of all seasons, the model for all seasons in different parts of the world. As a matter of fact, the Paris season has in itself no *raison d'être*. Paris is always Paris—with or without a "season." Nevertheless, we felt some alarm when somebody made the weird suggestion that there would be no great Saison de Paris this year. What a relief when we learnt from the huge placards covering the walls of the buildings that the Saison de Paris had simply changed its name for the Saison de Printemps! Thank goodness! We had kept the tradition as immutably as our British neighbours.

**Ballets Russes.** We felt indeed completely reassured at the news that the Ballets Russes were giving performances.

The most essential character of a "season" is exoticism. The organisers would prove their lack of *métier* if they did not offer to their compatriots entertainments of foreign origin. And the Ballets Russes are the most indispensable of all. So M. Serge Diaghilev installed himself and his company at the Opéra. He came, as usual, full of new ideas. Somehow one feels that he is giving a lesson to our painters, musicians, costumiers, dancers. When he disappears he leaves them stupefied and somewhat scandalised. But when they have got over the shock they make use of his counsels. He is a stimulant for our intellectual health.

## "Mavra."

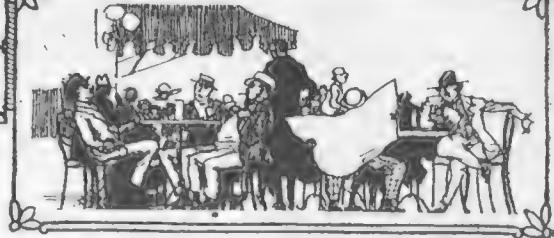
This year M. Diaghilev has shown his great devotion to Igor Stravinsky by producing a number of the great musician's works. The genius of M. Stravinsky astonishes sometimes by its temerity and sometimes by its good behaviour. And though great enthusiasm has succeeded the hisses of not so long ago, I am not altogether sure that his audiences are not still very puzzled about him. His latest work, which I have just heard at the Opéra, "Mavra," is not a ballet. It is a very short opéra-comique composed after a story by Pouchkine. It is simple and delightfully naïve—so naïve, indeed, that, in spite of its shortness, it appears much too long.

**More Stravinsky.** What a difference with his strange farce of "Le Renard." This *ballet chanté* is truculent, jovial, even trivial, but infinitely amusing in

passages. The music is disconcerting by the subtlety of its rhythms. Even more than in the "Sacre du Printemps" does Stravinsky intermingle shocks—accentuations, syncopations, and clever disorder. As for the text—written by M. Stravinsky himself—I am afraid that his talents of humorist do not equal his musical genius. It appears to the profane a heavy, obscure buffoonery, indiscreetly prolonged.

## The Bal Colonial.

As far as the word "French" can be extended to colonies, black and yellow, the Bal Colonial may be said to have been the most French of the "season" entertainments. It was a *bal masqué*; that is to say, a pretext to wear scanty garments—a very sane idea in this hot weather. The usual Persian balls used to carry that idea of light wear very far. But I think the Bal Colonial achieved a record.



conductor, by a simple gesture, stopped the mad *tournoiement*.

## —And Cambodian.

The Ballet Cambodian was a thing of beauty. Before the rather too European *décor* of Mlle. Marie-Antoinette Goulard, the dancers of King Sisowath crossed the stage, walking slowly, undulatingly, with hieratic gesture, like small idols. Their costumes—laden with golden ornaments, bristling with little wings and horns—their pointed tiaras, their heavy necklaces, were splendid. Their hands executed queer torsions, their long, slim fingers opening, twisting, and closing. The spectacle was strange and magnificent. They were loudly applauded, particularly the tiny girl of ten who incarnated the legendary Golsen Deer.

## At Chantilly.

June is the busiest month for social functions, great racing events, and charity galas. It hardly leaves time to think of the Deauville toilettes. Happily, Chantilly gave a hint as to the latest summer fashions. In spite of the thousands of people who attended the races, it was easy enough to get a glimpse of the most elegant toilettes, black having been discarded for bright colours. Yellow shared favours with periwinkle-blue. White was appreciated, and red has not yet lost its vogue. The crêpe marocain, the foulard with large designs, and the coloured lace (bright violet, for example) were much worn. The Russian frocks, the double-skirt dress, the short paletots of velvet, large hats—high-crowned, of transparent *crin* or of felt—

were among the most notable features. There is no doubt that the large hat is becoming.

## A Charity Dance.

A ball was given at Claridge's Hotel in aid of the Capel Theatre Girls' Home. The patrons of the dance were Mme. Raymond Poincaré, the British Ambassador, Lord Hardinge, and the American Ambassador, Mr. Myron Herrick. It was attended by all the leading Parisians. Maurice and Leonora Hughes, those astounding dancers, gave a performance, as well as the Dolly Sisters. A tombola was organised and was an emphatic success, since the prizes consisted of elegant dresses from the leading fashion houses.

JEANNETTE.



AS PASTEUR AND AS HIMSELF—WITH HIS MONOCLE SCREWED INTO THE BRIM OF HIS HAT: M. LUCIEN GUITRY.

M. Lucien Guitry is the senior member of the wonderful family trio, whose season began on Monday, June 12, with "Pasteur," in which M. Lucien Guitry is seen. M. Lucien Guitry is the father of M. Sacha Guitry, and next week he will appear in the first act of Molière's "Le Misanthrope." Subsequently he will act in "Comment on écrit l'Histoire" and "Le Grand Duc," with his playwright-actor son, and daughter-in-law, Mlle. Yvonne Printemps. M. Lucien Guitry's wonderful make-up as Pasteur is well illustrated by our first photograph—and his method of keeping his eye-glass handy is also worth noting.—[Photographs by Gershel.]

**Negro Dances.** We saw some *danseuses nègres* who had come all the way from the Ivory Coast. They were accompanied by a rudimentary jazz band. A tall negro wore round his waist a clavier of small drums, and his agile hands tapped the tom-toms with a dull sound. The musicians sang at the same time a *mélodie* of four notes indefinitely repeated. The dancers were practically nude. Bells tied round their wrists and ankles vibrated at every step. Others wore strange costumes with feathers round their necks and hideous masks over their faces. The monotonous music emptied your head of thoughts, and would almost have thrown you into the frenzy which overtakes the dancers had not the

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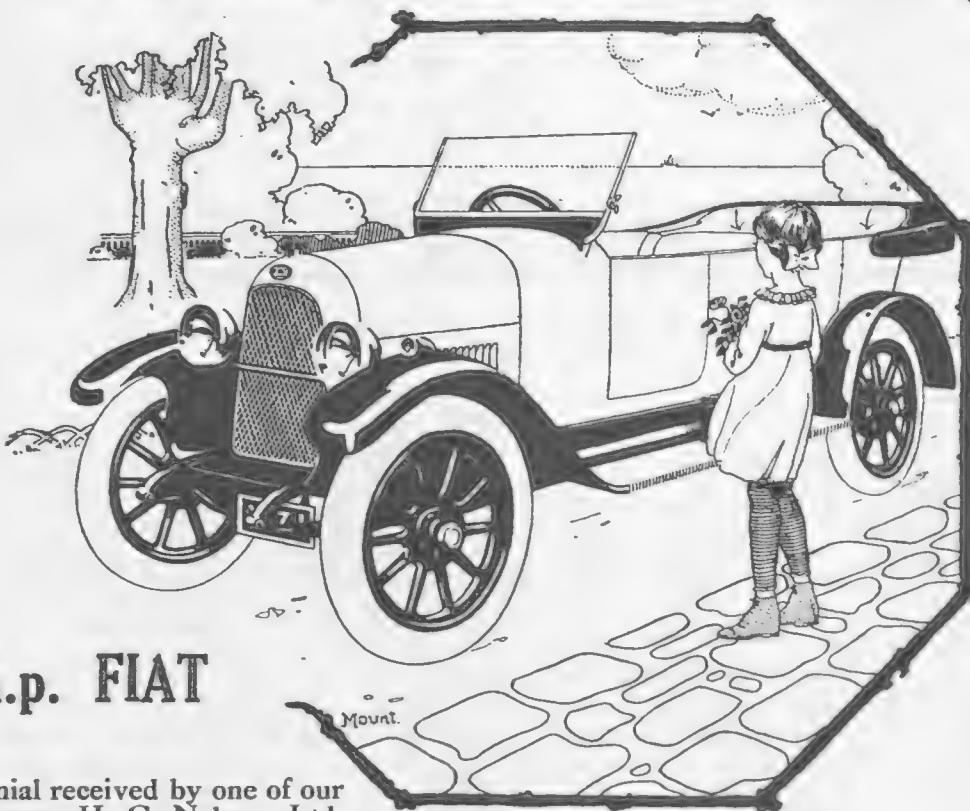


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## THE 10/15 h.p. FIAT

Unsolicited Testimonial received by one of our London Agents, Messrs. H. C. Nelson, Ltd.

Loch Carron, Ross-shire, April 27th, 1922.

*I feel I really must write to you at the earliest opportunity and tell of the Fiat's latest. She is the most astounding 'bus I've ever driven.*

*I left Early-wood on Tuesday morning at 6.0 a.m. with chauffeur, one box, two suit-cases and some small packages. Then right through, with occasional 10-minute stops, to Edinburgh, where we arrived at 10 p.m., and having missed our way twice. The mileage was 425.*

*Wednesday, left Edinburgh 11 a.m. and arrived here at 10 p.m.—mileage 282. Now, many machines could do that run, and perhaps in much better time; but what would the driver and the car be like at the end of it? I'm not in the very best of health yet, and you know my head is my trouble, and soon gets upset by violent vibration. Yet I drove myself every inch of the way, and can honestly say that, although, naturally, tired, I was fit enough to do another 50 miles either night, had it been necessary, without fear of evil results.*

*Thursday's run was over baddish roads—vile round Stirling.*

*It's beyond me to express my praise of the car. I've had a pretty wide experience of cars in my time, though I say it myself! but I tell you perfectly honestly that never have I met anything to approach the Fiat for high average speed, hill-climbing powers and general smoothness of running, and I'd very much like to find any other car of equal power (or greater!) which would have brought me through that run as comfortably. I doubt if there is one to equal it—I defy any car to beat it!*

(Signed) C. W. MURRAY.

P.S.—No trouble of any kind—only opened bonnet to pour in petrol.

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 LONDON.



# Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

**Tourist Trophy Jottings.** After a happy week in the Isle of Man, I write these lines on the way to Scotland to join the light-car brigade in the six days' trial o'er mountain and glen. But before recounting the trials on the road—hotels full and early closings—I must say a word about the wonderful speed records the motor-cycle boys have put up over the 37½ miles course in Manxland. In fact, so good are these that the full-sized cars will have their work cut out next Thursday (to-morrow) to improve on them by a mile or two per hour. For Bennett, on the victorious Sunbeam, averaged 58·33 miles per hour on this 3½-h.p. motor-cycle over the total distance of 226½ miles, which is travelling some, as our U.S.A. friends say. Brandish, who was second on the famous Triumph, sped along at the excellent speed of 56·52 miles an hour; while the two Scott Squirrels, which were third and fourth, averaged 56·09 m.p.h. and 55·2 m.p.h. respectively—a most meritorious performance, which should bring them a host of orders for their water-cooled-engined machines. The third Scott Squirrel motorcycle, which finished ninth, averaged 52·67 miles an hour, and really the team prize was due to them; but as the last machine was over thirty minutes behind the winner, no team prize was awarded. Another sterling performance was that of Mr. R. M. Knowles, the Norfolk amateur-owner and rider of a Norton motorcycle, who finished fifteenth among the twenty-two survivors out of sixty-seven starters. His wife won a gold medal in the Scottish six days' motor-cycle trials recently. Both Mr. and Mrs. Knowles are such keen sportsmen that they really deserve the success that has attended them at last in competition against the cracks. Now they have both done great deeds, I expect their butler will forgive them for bringing a machine into the drawing-room one wet day for an overhaul. His look of horror at stich vandalism, notwithstanding that a sheet was spread on the carpet, will never be forgotten by those who saw his face. And this was done as a sporting act of kindness because the owner staying there was unable to be moved, and wished to superintend the performance.

**Fancy Racing Premiums.** I expect some people will wonder why I should make such a statement, but this year in the Isle of Man I was perfectly disgusted at the bargain and barter that was going on over tyre, plug, oil, fuel, and goodness knows what else besides. One firm started offering £250 to the rider using their tyres if he won on them. Then their trade rival would make the offer £500 and a certain bonus, win or lose. Ten pounds

if the plugs were a certain make, £5 for another, and so it was all along the line; and it got so bad at the finish that all these various tyre, plug, oil and other merchants gathered round the machines as they finished the race to see that the riders did not substitute that component used for some other make, in order to get a better premium. It is about time these premium bonuses if riders win on certain components should be stopped, as the jockeys are getting too greedy, and, moreover, it is almost getting a dishonest transaction. Just imagine what race-horse owners would say



Also, the value received by the different firms concerned is not by a long way really worth the cash handed out. That is why I was glad Dunlops won the senior race, as it is the standard tyre fitted on Sunbeam motor-cycles.

**Improvements on the Course.** As the "three litre" cars and the 1500 c.c. wallahs are to use the same course as the motor-cycles did, I should like to point out how much the Highways Board of the Isle of Man has improved both the roads and the course itself. I humped round it on an Angus Sanderson—which, by the way, I hear are now doing well at their new works at Hendon under their reconstituted company—starting from the actual line, and found the road in excellent condition: no deep ruts anywhere, not even on the mountain. At Ramsey, in place of dodging through several round - the - corner streets, the road is carried straight through to the hairpin and goose-neck mountain road up Snaefel, so three bad corners are done away with.

Next, Windy Corner on the mountain road has been widened. Tom Thornycroft took the bank here one T.T. race years ago and put himself out, but was, fortunately, unhurt. Also Keppel Gate is a gate no longer, as it has been removed entirely; while at Crag-na-Baa the stone wall by the side of the hotel that Gordon Usmar crashed into one year—yet is still well and hearty—is now softened by having mattresses tied all along it in case it is charged into. The cars never yet have had Governor's Bridge in their course, as it was only brought into the motor-cycle racing course in 1920; but this awkward turn has also been widened, so they can swing them round better on the skid. But how those fast cars, doing a hundred miles an hour and more, will be able to pass each other except in a few places makes me wonder. But as the race will be won almost by the time these lines see print you will know all about it nearly as soon as I shall. For I am going back again to see the car races there after the light-car trials in Scotland. Anyhow, I hope the best man wins in the Bentley, Sunbeam, and Vauxhall trio for the Tourist Trophy itself; and that also applies to the 1½-litre small cars—Aston Martin, Talbots, Bugatti, A.C., Enfield-Allday, and all the others who may run. And now I must start on the "thirty" Light Daimler for Tarbet, by Loch Lomond, to join the Scottish Trials, so you must await further news on this eventful ride until the next issue.



**OFF TO PARIS BY AIR FOR THEIR HONEYMOON: THE DEPARTURE OF MR. A. BALDWIN RAPER, M.P., AND HIS BRIDE, MARCHIONESS CONYNGHAM.** Mr. A. Baldwin Raper, M.P., and his bride, Marchioness Conyngham, left for Paris after their marriage by a special aeroplane lent by the Instone Line. Our photograph shows some of the guests waving them good-bye. It will be noted that though the bride and bridegroom went off in a modern manner, one of the guests was determined to wish them luck in the proper way by throwing a shoe after their vehicle!—[Photograph by C.N.]



**BEFORE LEAVING FOR PARIS BY AIR: MR. A. BALDWIN RAPER, M.P., WITH HIS BRIDE, MARCHIONESS CONYNGHAM, AND SOME OF THE WEDDING GUESTS.** The marriage of Mr. A. Baldwin Raper, M.P. for East Islington, to Marchioness Conyngham, daughter of the late Mr. William Tobin, took place at St. James's, Spanish Place, last week. The bride was given away by Sir William Mitchell-Thomson, M.P., and the duties of best man were shared by Mr. A. Pemberton and Sir Park Goff, M.P. Our photograph shows the bride and bridegroom before starting on their honeymoon aeroplane journey to Paris. Sir W. Mitchell-Thomson, M.P., is standing to the left of the bride, and her sister, Miss Tobin, is on the extreme right of the photograph.—[Photograph by C.N.]

if "Steve" said he would only ride on So-and-So's saddle, and somebody else's girths, and another's bridle. The whole thing is preposterous, especially as the machine may win on such a particular tyre or plug or oil, but the standard machine sold to the public never use them, but quite a different brand.

# Plays—Without Prejudice.

## The Three Sorts.

Now there are three sorts of revivals—and even if there weren't the exigencies of literary symmetry would require one to tell you all that there are. Because the tradition of orderly discussion has invariably favoured tripartite classifications. Even Julius Cæsar found that out when he came to discuss



THE VILLAIN REPULSED : CLEMENTINA (MISS MARY MERRALL) AND CHADACRE (MR. G. H. MULCASTER) IN "THE GREEN CORD."

The plot of "The Green Cord" is a complicated and exciting affair, complete with a thorough villain, Lucas Chadacre, who is played by Mr. G. H. Mulcaster. Our photograph shows the moment when Clementina, wife of the heroic Colonel Starling, and heroine of the play, repulses his advances.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

Gallic conditions as Paris correspondent of the—what was the name of the paper that he used to write for?

**Moody and** But there really are three varieties of revival. Not fifty-seven. Like those other things that make you wish you had been a shade less impulsive at lunch. And the first is a kind that doesn't concern us at all. Not in the least. Because it is a musical affair with a special seat for penitents, and you wouldn't enjoy it at all. Most musical affairs get produced by Grossmith and Laurillard. But this originally appeared under the dual management of Moody and Sankey. Quite another story.

**Mark II.** But that isn't really the kind of revival that you or I or the Editor can any of us be particularly

## ON REVIVALS.

interested in. At the moment, at any rate. We may come to it later on. When we have been thinking things over for a bit. But the next sort is more our money just now. No. Not a revival of a play. But only of a country.

### Hispania Rediviva.

You would have found, if you had passed down Bond Street not so long ago, a respectful crowd ushering the Queen of Spain out of a concert-hall. And if you had walked that way about a week later, you would have observed the Spanish Ambassador performing his Ambassadorial functions by haunting the same hall on an extremely hot afternoon. And why? Because they were both taking a gracious and active part in the Spanish revival.

### Causerie.

That phenomenon usually takes a distressing form in the back hair of ladies who were never designed by Providence to wear tortoiseshell combs. But this time it was embodied by an amiable lady named Palencia, who strolled up and down the stage of the Aeolian Hall and told us all how to wear mantillas. Not to mention quite a number of improving anecdotes about fair ladies and their impulsive admirers. A pleasant revival.

### Dramatic.

But the commonest kind of all is the sort to which theatrical managements resort when they do not feel quite equal to the financial strain of paying a dramatist to make a whole new play for them (and us). At these moments, which are becoming increasingly frequent, they dig out a success of the past and pray hard that it will become a success of the future. With varying and uncertain results.

### Old Plays for New.

The one thing, however, that is certain about it is that it is bitterly discouraging for new dramatists. When the talents of the few performers who can act intelligently (and the floor-space of the few theatres which are spared from the gyrations of beauty choruses) are devoted to the interpretation of old work, it is small wonder that the young men are looking a trifle blue. Not that they need complain, with Mr. Milne resuming his invasion of London and Mr. St. John Ervine looming round every corner.

### The Public.

But the results are often highly enjoyable for the Mere Public. Which is, after, all, what the theatre is for. One is a little apt sometimes to forget, in the fevered disquisitions of our critics about the Preservation of the Drama and the Plight of the British Theatre, that it all exists to amuse you and me. It would be more exciting if it had been created to serve some loftier end. But it wasn't. Which is the first lesson of criticism.

### The Play.

And we enjoy revivals. We do, really. Especially when they are revivals of plays that we used to know before we took quite so long to sit down, and hadn't developed that tendency to sleep after dinner which adds so to our dignity. Viz. "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." One can recover the gay old flavour of the St. James's Theatre when Sir George was the delight of all beholders, and Paula

Tanqueray was provided with the exquisite voice of Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

### Memory.

We value the revival less for the excellences of the present performance than for the renewal of old pleasures. And the same is true of almost all revivals. Except, of course, those in which the piece revived is completely transmogrified and becomes something totally different from the original work of art. Like "The Beggar's Opera." Or the old Pinero farces, which reappeared decades later as the librettos—or librettoes—or is it libretti, as in "Pagliacci"?—of Mr. W. H. Berry's musical comedies in the Strand. But we like the old things, anyway. Because their revival enables us to compare them with the new. And such comparisons are half the fun of being in an audience. And the whole duty of a critic. The process of criticising revivals is, moreover, useful as a

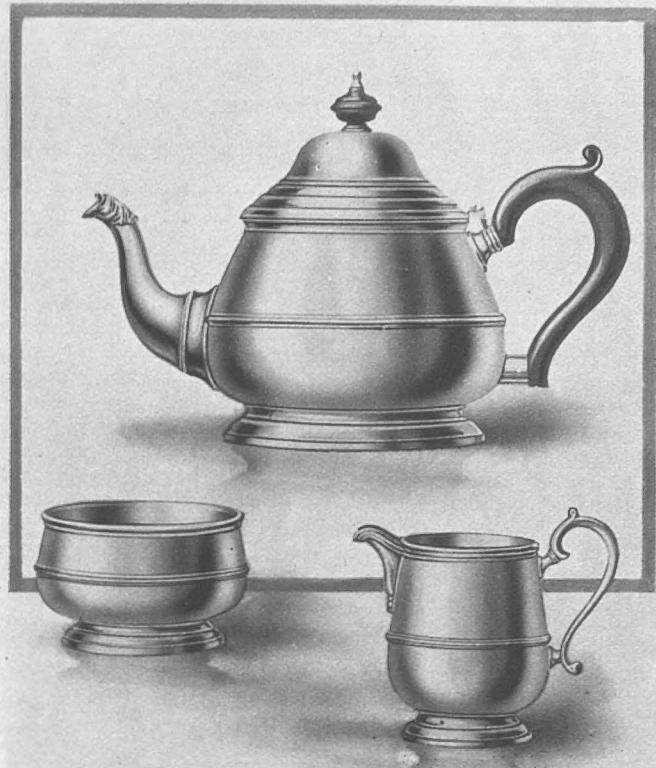


IN "THE GREEN CORD," AT THE ROYALTY: MISS GRACE LANE AS EMMA TALBOT, AND MR. AUBREY SMITH AS COLONEL SYLVESTER STARLING.

Mr. Aubrey Smith is the hero of the new play, "The Green Cord," at the Royalty. Our photograph shows the moment when he, as Colonel Starling, is describing the charm and beauty of his wife, Clementina (Miss Mary Merrall) to Emma Talbot, his rather "catty" sister.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

test for the coming of the middle-aged outlook. If we consider the original cast and production to be immeasurably superior to anything which is done to-day, we know the worst. We are really middle-aged.



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